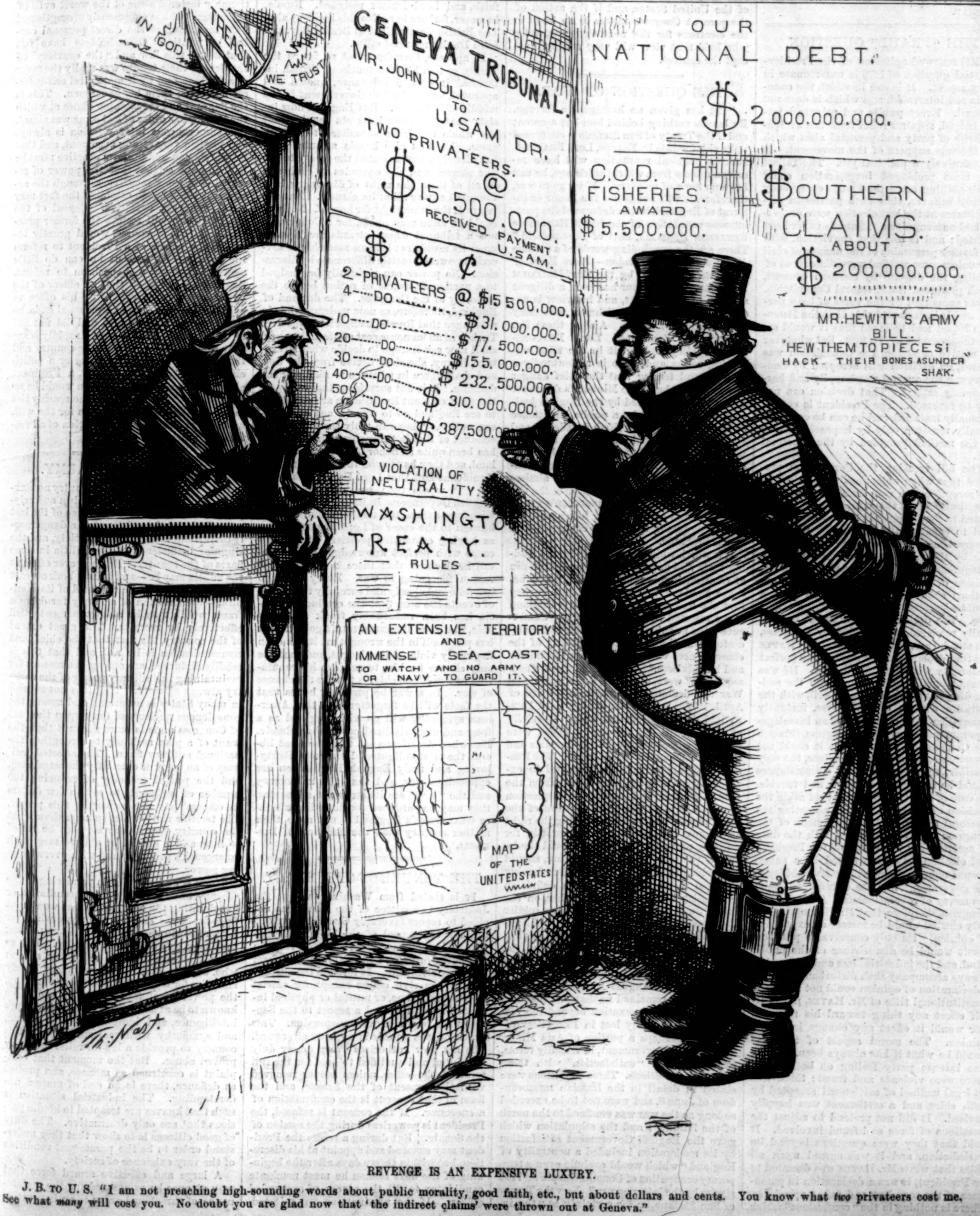
HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. XXII.—No. 1117.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 25, 1878. [WITH A SUPPLEMENT, PRICE TEN CENTS.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1878, by Harper & Brothers, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.


IN GOD WE TRUST
TREASURY
GENEVA TRIBUNAL.
MR. JOHN BULL TO U. SAM DR.
TWO PRIVATEERS. @ $15 500.000.
RECEIVED PAYMENT U. SAM.
$ & ¢
2-PRIVATEERS @ $15 500.000.
4—DO $31. 000.000.
10—DO $77. 500.000.
20—DO $155. 000.000.
30—DO $232. 500.000
40—DO $310. 000.000.
50—DO $387.500.000
VIOLATION OF NEUTRALITY.
WASHINGTON TREATY.
RULES
AN EXTENSIVE TERRITORY AND IMMENSE SEA-COAST TO WATCH AND NO ARMY OR NAVY TO GUARD IT.
MAP OF THE UNITED STATES
OUR NATIONAL DEBT.
$2 000.000.000.
C.O.D. FISHERIES. AWARD $5.500.000.
$OUTHERN CLAIMS. ABOUT $200.000.000.
MR. HEWITT'S ARMY BILL.
"HEW THEM TO PIECES; HACK THEIR BONES ASUNDER" SHAK.
TH. NAST.

REVENGE IS AN EXPENSIVE LUXURY.

J. B. TO U. S. "I am not preaching high-sounding words about public morality, good faith, etc., but about dollars and cents. You know what *two* privateers cost me. See what *many* will cost you. No doubt you are glad now that 'the indirect claims' were thrown out at Geneva."

HARPER'S MAGAZINE, WEEKLY, AND BAZAR POSTAGE FREE.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE, HARPER'S WEEKLY, or HARPER'S BAZAR will be sent for one year to any Subscriber in the United States, POSTAGE PREPAID by the Publishers, on receipt of Four Dollars.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, MAY 25, 1878.

☞ *The* ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT *sent out gratuitously with this Number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY *contains a spirited double-page engraving showing a naval drill on an English man-of-war, and other attractive features.*

An ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT *will be issued gratuitously with the next Number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY.

THE "FRAUD" QUESTION.

THE renewed agitation of the Presidential question of 1876 is unfortunate in every aspect. It is one in which the country is not interested, and which it does not demand. Every public and private interest, indeed, requires relief from the wretched strife of party and personal aims which are the sole support of the movement. It is exclusively a political job. The fullest and most prolonged investigation could prove nothing more than what every body already believes, that both parties in certain States at the last election were desperate and unscrupulous. That has never been doubted; and it was that conviction, with the further persuasion of the danger of civil war unless some method were discovered of deciding the dispute by common consent, which produced the Electoral Commission. It was supported by the votes of both parties, and it is very probable that the Democrats hoped and believed that it would secure the success of Mr. TILDEN. But whatever the motive of action, the Commission was created, its decision was accepted by Congress, and the quarrel was happily and harmoniously settled. That decision can not now be reversed. The President is constitutionally installed, and he can be constitutionally removed only by impeachment, or by the method provided by the Electoral Bill.

The bill creating the Commission provided that when objections were raised to the reception of a vote from any State, the objections and all the papers should be submitted to the Commission, "which shall proceed to consider the same, with the same powers, if any, now possessed for that purpose by the two Houses acting separately or together." It further provided that the decision of the Commission upon such objections should stand unless the Houses should separately concur in ordering otherwise. The decision of the Commission, as finally rendered, was ratified by Congress, and stood, therefore, as its act. Mr. HAYES was thus declared to be President, in perfect conformity with the Constitution. He was constitutionally inaugurated, and the sudden disappearance of a plain peril, with the patriotic wisdom of his course, instantly tranquillized the country. If an investigation into questions which Congress, through the Commission, decided that it could not investigate, should now take place, the only possible result under the circumstances would be fruitless excitement and trouble. No vote of this Congress could set aside the decision of the last Congress accepting the electoral award. If the judgment of the Congress which is intrusted with the duty of ascertaining the result of the Presidential election may be reversed by a subsequent Congress, there will be no stability in the government, and the country will be at the mercy of revolutionists. A vote of this Congress, therefore, that Mr. HAYES was not duly elected would be merely an expression of opinion. Its only conceivable practical result would be disturbance of the public mind, and the industrial loss and injury that always accompany such disturbance. Such a declaration of opinion could not affect the constitutional title of Mr. HAYES, nor of itself effect any thing toward his removal. Nor would it effect any change in public opinion. The moral aspect of the case would be what it has always been. There was intense party feeling on both sides; there were violence and fraud; there was no legal method of settlement accepted by both sides, and a settlement was happily devised. It did not pretend to adjust the questions of force and fraud involved. It held that they were questions beyond its jurisdiction, and it was agreed upon all sides that when Mr. HAYES was declared to be President, it was a declaration in pursuance of the soundest and safest principles. There is nothing in the "confessions" which affects those principles, or which throws any more light upon the fact of the real wishes of the voters in the disputed States.

A mere expression of opinion, therefore, upon the part of Congress as to the Presidential title, is to be deprecated as a most dangerous precedent. A Congress which should deny the lawful right of a President to his position might be fairly expected to refuse to recognize him. In the present case the whole question having been opened before the Commission, and the Commission empowered by Congress to exercise all its powers upon the subject having decided by what limits of inquiry it was bound, and its decision having been accepted and ratified by Congress, and the President having been constitutionally declared and inaugurated, the refusal of a subsequent Congress to recognize him as the lawful Executive would be simple revolution and anarchy. That is the common-sense view which is undoubtedly held by the great mass of the people of the United States, and if the action of the present Congress makes it an issue in the elections for the next Congress, those who hold that view will very willingly accept the contest.

THE QUESTION OF WAR.

"HE has given no hostages to fortune. He leaves nothing behind him but a name; and if the Treaty of San Stefano is confirmed in its chief points by Europe, Lord BEACONSFIELD'S political reputation will have received a blow from which, at his age, he can have no hope of recovery. If we go to war, therefore, it will not be for the honor or interest of England, but in defense of the posthumous reputation of the Right Honorable BENJAMIN DISRAELI, Earl of Beaconsfield." These are the concluding words of a volume just published in London—*Three Years of the Eastern Question*, by the Rev. MALCOLM MACCOLL. The author has been a diligent student of the subject, and his view is accepted by eminent Englishmen who deny the necessity of a war. Among these Mr. BRIGHT has denounced Lord BEACONSFIELD'S policy and spirit in the most unsparing terms, and there is undoubtedly a very general feeling that the chief danger of war lies in the Prime Minister's desire for war. He is supported by the English jealousy of Russia, and by a public impatience of the imputation of British decadence and loss of pluck. But he is opposed by a formidable protest of true English character and spirit, which deeply distrust his leadership, and deprecate a vast and aimless war for personal glory. Meanwhile the one thing clear is Lord BEACONSFIELD'S determination, and as a minister in his position is very powerful, it must be confessed that war is probable.

It is worth while, therefore, to review leading facts and dates. When the Conference at Constantinople failed—and it failed because England had privately told Turkey that she had nothing to fear from England if she rejected the proposals of the Conference—the unanimous declaration of the mediators was that "the responsibility of the consequences will rest solely on the Sultan and his advisers." The contemplated "consequences" were, of course, war with Russia. War was declared by Russia on the 23d of April, 1877. On the 6th of May Lord DERBY laid down four points which especially affected "British interests." These were Egypt, the Suez Canal, the Dardanelles and the Bosporus, and Constantinople. The Russian Government in reply promised to exclude Egypt and the Suez Canal from the field of warfare, and to submit the question of the straits to the final decision of the great powers; and while reserving the right to occupy Constantinople temporarily for military purposes, its destiny, should the issue of the war raise that question, should be decided by Europe. Russia thus frankly engaged to respect the English definition of English interests. Still further, on the 8th of June, before a single Russian soldier had crossed the Danube, Russia with friendly candor stated in detail to the English Government the terms of peace that the Czar would require in case of success. The English Government offered no objection. On the 7th of August Russia stated that her position remained unchanged, that she had no idea of annexation beyond the restoration of territory lost in 1856 (Bessarabia), and perhaps a portion of Asia Minor. The English Government, in friendly terms, expressed their "satisfaction" with these moderate conditions. These conditions were stated in detail in the Russian memorandum of June 8, and were not to be exceeded so long as the war was confined to the north of the Balkans; and the stipulation which gave the English Government satisfaction by its moderation included a neutrality of England "which would exclude even a temporary occupation of Constantinople and the straits by the latter power." Now the Treaty of San Stefano, so far certainly as "the interests" of England are concerned, does not essentially differ from the June memorandum. When the Russians crossed the Balkans, England sought a pledge against the temporary occupation of Constantinople even for military purposes. Russia renewed her former assurances, but would go no further. England then asked that Gallipoli should not be occupied. Russia assented, on condition that England would not occupy it, and that Turkish troops should not concentrate there. On the 21st of January, 1878, the Russian ambassador in England told the English Government that the Turks had violated the engagement at Gallipoli, but that Russia would not change her policy in consequence; and on the same day, while Russia was making this assurance of forbearance, the English admiral received this dispatch from his Government: "Sail at once for the Dardanelles, and proceed with the fleet now with you to Constantinople." This was a flagrant breach of good faith, and Lord DERBY resigned. Russia, however, forbore to notice this incident also. The British fleet retired to Besika Bay, and Lord DERBY resumed office.

It appears, therefore, that so far as the Treaty of San Stefano touches "British interests," it was, in substance, known and approved by the English Government in the middle of last June. But England now insists that European interests require that the whole treaty be submitted to a Congress. To this also Russia assents. She has already communicated the treaty to the five powers, and she concedes to each and to all of them the right of discussing in a Congress any or all of its clauses. But she reserves the same right for herself. Nothing could be more reasonable, for a Congress is not a tribunal whose awards are binding upon its members; it is an assembly of sovereign powers to settle differences by discussion. No power can rightfully be pledged to a particular course of action before the assembly of the Congress. The demand of England, therefore, as now understood, is in substance that Russia, being victorious over Turkey at an immense cost of life and money, shall now ask Europe to decide what advantage, if any, she shall derive from the war, and shall agree in advance to abide by the decision. It is not surprising that many of the most eminent Englishmen are unwilling to see England go to war for any such reason as this. They can truly assert that the conduct of Russia throughout the difficulty has been quite as honorable as that of England, and they have upon their side the most significant fact that Lord DERBY, who during the whole time has represented the English Government in its foreign relations, withdraws from the ministry, and exposes himself to the sneer of Lord BEACONSFIELD as having committed political suicide, because with perfect knowledge of every detail he declares that there is no sufficient reason for going to war. Every one who has followed closely and carefully the course of events has seen that the conduct of Russia has been remarkably frank and very able, that Lord BEACONSFIELD'S government has put itself in the wrong, that it has even flagrantly violated its pledges, and that the only chance for him to retrieve his reputation as a political chief is to take the chance of war. In a war he probably hopes that the facts will be forgotten, and that American sympathy will go with England as a freer and more civilized power than Russia. But when Americans see that the most liberal, the most enlightened, the most liberty-loving and truly English Englishmen are opposed to war, and that the aristocracy and the "mob" are its strongest advocates, they may be pardoned for doubting whether GLADSTONE'S England is not more their mother country than the England of DISRAELI.

THE TENURE-OF-OFFICE ACT.

IT is stated from Washington that the Judiciary Committee of the House has decided to report favorably General BUTLER'S bill for the repeal of the Tenure-of-office Act. This act was passed in 1867 to restrain ANDREW JOHNSON, and in its original form was very stringent. It forbade the suspension of any civil officer except for official misconduct, crime, or mental or physical incapacity, and required a report to the Senate of the reason of every suspension. This provision was repealed two years afterward. The act now authorizes every officer duly appointed and qualified to hold for the full term of the office, unless sooner removed with the consent of the Senate, and the form of that consent is the confirmation of a successor. If the consent is refused, the President is powerless during the session of the Senate. But during a recess the President may suspend and appoint at his discretion, but within thirty days after the beginning of the next session he must nominate candidates to fill the places of suspended officers. If the nominations are rejected, he must nominate other persons as soon as practicable.

This law gives to the Senate the practical control of the offices, and "the courtesy" of the Senate gives to the Senators from each State the control of those which are to be exercised in their States. This, in turn, leads to the private "advice" to the President, which is practically dictation. The repeal of the law would give the President the power of absolute removal. Mr. WEBSTER, who did not think such a power constitutional, yet agreed that "the early decision adopted that construction, and the laws have since uniformly sanctioned it." Indeed, the law of 1820, which limits official terms to four years, expressly affirms the power; and Mr. WEBSTER said that he held it to be "a settled point." The principle of the Tenure-of-office Act is, therefore, in accordance with his view of the Constitution, although he considered the question finally settled the other way. The act has unquestionably fostered some of the worst evils of patronage. It has enormously strengthened "the machine," or the direct personal control of politics. Office-holders have felt that under this law and "the courtesy" of the Senate their tenure was really the favor of a Senator, and their most vital self-interest has made them his henchmen. This is the flagrant and threatening abuse at which the President's order of last June was aimed. Contemporaneous interpretation is always and justly a very strong argument, and that interpretation and uniform practice must be held to have settled that the power of removal is in the Executive, although the arguments intended to establish the fact may have been very defective. Repeal of the act, therefore, will restore the former practice, and this, of course, would greatly increase the power of a President to reform the service. At present he can do little more than show a disposition to reform. But if when he knew that an officer of the government was prostituting his office to political and partisan and personal ends, he could at once remove him, and did not fail to do so, public officers would rapidly learn that they are the agents of the country and the government, not of a party or a politician. If, on the other hand, a President abused the power, the situation would be no worse than it is now. The true remedy lies in substituting a sound system for the will, or whim, or prejudice, or ambition of a President or a Senator.

CRIPPLING THE ARMY.

DEMOCRATS are doing the country no service in tampering with Communism and crippling the army. The experience of the last year disclosed the existence of a dangerously disturbing element in our society, and the singular inefficiency of the militia in some parts of the country. But however efficient the militia may be—and in New York at least it had no reason to be ashamed of its discipline—the skeleton of an army furnishes a frame which may be at any moment filled effectively by recruits. The great extent of the country, the fact that the chief land communication is by rail, and that this is readily disturbed, are among the reasons for maintaining the military power of the country always efficient. That it is not so now in many States is notorious, and among the conspicuous neglects of duty upon the part of Congress none is more flagrant than the want of a plan seriously to strengthen the national military force. The affected jealousy of an army of even fifty thousand men, and the pitiful economy of reducing the number of regiments to save a few dollars in officers' pay, are unworthy this people. The terrible riots of last summer show what the country may at any moment be called to face, and it should be able to meet such emergencies promptly and with overwhelming power.

There is no humanity in pandering to the schemes of demagogues and incendiaries, or in tolerating the sophistries that would put force for law. There is no excuse whatever for a resort to violence to remedy any wrong that now exists in this country. But as there are those who do not think so, and who, even in high places, prophesy bloody remedies for troubles of their own fostering, the power of prompt repression should be known to be at hand. There is quite enough intelligence, and indignation with wrong, and sympathy with real suffering in this country to provide a lawful relief for every proved abuse. But the moment that complaint is construed as menace, and protest as defiance, there is an end of mutual understanding. The industrial situation is such that knaves are tempted to kindle passions that are only destructive. The duty of good citizens is to show that they understand order to be the paramount condition of the very existence of society.

A large and effective armed force that may at once be summoned for the maintenance of threatened order is an imperative national necessity. This force, by the genius of our institutions, will naturally be the local militia. Experience teaches that it should be supplemented by national troops with trained officers. These, let it be remembered, are not the "mercenary minions" of a despot, the tools of a government hostile to the people; they are the servants of the people, which every four years elects the commander-in-chief, and by its representatives can at any moment call him to account for misconduct. In our civil war the value of military education was made manifest. The great leaders of volunteers worthy of them were trained soldiers; and happy as the American people are, they have not yet advanced beyond the need of trained soldiers. The attacks upon West Point, the crippling of the army, the dismissal of accomplished officers, are all parts of a policy that is neither patriotic nor economical. A sound militia organization, an efficient army, a body of well-trained military leaders—this is the policy that should go hand in hand with the most careful and humane consideration and legal relief of any wrongs growing out of the new conditions of modern society.

THE STATE CONVENTIONS OF 1878.

THE reports from Ohio show that the Republican Conventions of this year, like those of last year, will be in doubt whether to approve the Administration or to pass it by in expressive silence, and confine the platform to "State issues." The trouble with this course is that parties are national and not State organizations, and that as a national Convention meets but once in four years, the only means of knowing the position of the party is the declaration of State Conventions. If it be assumed that Republican principles are well known and need not be reiterated, the reply is that there is then no need of any platform; and also, on the other hand, that there can then be no objection to repeating a familiar and cherished creed. Under the system of party organization and tradition in this country, avoidance in a Convention of the declaration known as a platform is simply an announcement of serious party differences. The proposal to confine it to "State issues" is a proposition to proclaim trouble in the camp. The effort to confine it to points upon which the party agrees is but a confession that upon other and of course serious points—for none other are in question in a platform—the party disagrees. Inevitably, therefore, not to speak in a Convention is to speak loudly, and since silence can serve no purpose, the manlier course of speech should be adopted.

For instance, if the Ohio Republican Convention, or any other, should omit all reference to the financial question, nobody in that State or in the country would be deceived. Every body would know that there was no financial principle upon which the party was united; in other words, that the party as such had no policy upon that subject. When this is the situation, the example of the GREELEY Cincinnati Convention should be remembered. That body, largely composed of free-traders, who nominated the representative protectionist for the Presidency, gravely remitted the tariff question to the people. So far as that fundamental question was concerned, therefore, the Convention proposed to the country a mere choice of persons, not of principles or policies. This result must always attend similar action. Not to pronounce upon a leading question, or to remit it in terms to the country, is to confess that the Convention represents no common conviction or policy upon the subject.

Apply this rule to the Republican Conventions of this year. Is it to be assumed that Republican policy in the present situation is so evident that it needs no exposition? Are the real issues so plain and the position of the Republican party upon them so well understood that perfect unanimity may dispense with expression? Such an assertion is laughable. The votes in Congress and last year's platforms and discussions in the Conventions show the party differences. Now unfortunately these differences exist upon the great questions. To omit a declaration upon them is necessarily to admit that the party has no harmonious position upon them. And this, again, is to make that merely personal contest in elections which shows that legitimate party divisions have for the time ceased. For example, the question of party relation to the Administration is very simple. The Administration stands for pacification, for reform, for resumption; to sustain it is to sustain these; to say nothing of it is, under common usage, to declare that these are not the acknowledged party policy. Will it be said that the party may desire them all, but not approve the methods of the Administration? Let that, then, be stated. Let it be declared that the party favors pacification, but not in the Administration's way; and reform, but not according to the Administration; and resumption—as God wills. And when it has said this, will not the Convention have re-affirmed Ensign Stebbins's familiar platform upon the Maine Law—approving it, but ag'in its enforcement? Approval of the Administration does not mean approbation of every detail and of every measure. It certainly did not mean that in the time of General GRANT, and it would not mean it now. But silence would be justly construed as disapproval to such a degree as to make it unwise to speak. It certainly would not and should not be construed as disapproval only of the mistakes and slips which every Administration makes. No approval ever includes these. The conclusion, therefore, would be unavoidable, that pacification, reform, and resumption, which the Administration represents, are not the unanimous policy of the party. If the Conventions decide that the Republican party can successfully contest the elections for the next Congress in an attitude of passive and silent hostility to the general policy indicated by the Administration, which means that the party wishes to get back to the things that are behind, those Conventions will decide to make success very difficult.

MR. TILDEN AND THE ELECTORAL AWARD.

WE certainly do not admire Mr. TILDEN as a politician, and he has undoubtedly impressed the country as crafty, and dependent for success more upon management than upon popular confidence. But surely it is no reproach to him that he refused to lend himself to the revolutionary schemes of some of his supporters, and that he acquiesced in the decision of the Electoral Commission. He is accused of cowardice because he did not insist that the House of Representatives should assume entire control of the Presidential count, or maintain that the alleged frauds had set aside the actual vote of Florida and Louisiana. He is, in fact, denounced for not having made himself an active accomplice of the mad revolutionists and anarchists in defeating the decision of the tribunal which had been established largely by the vote of his own party, and which offered the only peaceable solution of the difficulty.

Mr. TILDEN undoubtedly had it in his power to throw the country into disastrous confusion, and nothing shows the recklessness of mere party spirit more plainly than the fact that he is taunted for not having done so. It is significant that the two things during the whole contest of 1876 which were most calculated to inspire confidence in him were the two which have cost him the most sympathy and approval in his party. One was his letter in regard to the payment of Southern claims, and the other his assent to the decision of the Electoral Commission. It is useless to say that his personal attitude was of no importance. If it were not, why is it criticised? He is not a very clear-sighted observer who does not see that if it had been known that Mr. TILDEN repudiated the Commission, and was ready to take the oath and assert his claim to the Presidency at all hazards and by every means, the last hours of the last Congress—as critical hours as this country ever saw—would have had a very different issue.

One of the strongest reasons for the deep distrust of the Democratic party is that so large a body of Democrats sneer at Mr. TILDEN for not disregarding the lawful result of the election of 1876, and plunging the country into civil war.

A SIGN.

WE quoted last week some excellent remarks made by Senator GORDON in Boston. They showed that although a Georgian, a Democrat, and a rebel of 1861, he was also an honest and patriotic American, with whom political differences are to be maintained on precisely the same footing as between honorable Republicans and Democrats in New York. Mr. WADDELL, a Representative in Congress, who is a North Carolinian, a Democrat, and also a rebel of 1861, has also made a speech, in New York, which is another illustration of the fact that Southern Democrats, however warmly they may be opposed upon legitimate grounds of difference, are not to be denounced as seeking the ruin of the country or the overthrow of our institutions. To the familiar suggestion that they are only deceiving the credulous, and that they do not mean what they say, the sufficient reply is that there is no more reason to doubt that they say what they think than there is to doubt the word of any Northern Senator or Representative. These words of Mr. WADDELL may well be pondered as Decoration-day approaches:

> "Soldiers of the Union, I would not only be guilty of a churlish neglect of duty and courtesy, but would do violence to my own feelings, if I permitted this opportunity to pass without attempting to pay to the brave men who battled for the supremacy of the national authority the tribute of respect and admiration which the Confederate soldier entertains toward them. He knows what motives influenced them. He fully appreciates the patriotic spirit which inspired them. He, better than all others, can sympathize with them in all the memories which the war recalls. He knows more fully than all others how splendidly they fought, how patiently they suffered, and how completely they triumphed. Conscious of his own prowess, he willingly acknowledges theirs, and will never consent to see them deprived of a single laurel or denied a full recognition of their services. He will vote, as he has done, to pay the living and the widows and orphans of the dead the last farthing which may be justly claimed in their behalf. He will seek no exemption from this charge, and will ask no participation in its benefits.
>
> "No; the maimed Confederate soldier will cheerfully contribute to the pension fund which gives food and raiment to the maimed Union soldier or his family, and will never ask to participate with them therein. He knows that common-sense forbids the consideration of such a proposition, and therefore it has never occupied his attention for a moment. The restoration of his rights as an American citizen—and chief among them the right of local self-government which he now enjoys—fills the measure of his expectations if not of his desires, and his only ambition now is to continue in their enjoyment, and to bring back from its long exile the banished spirit of material progress and enthrone it permanently in his country. His destiny, under God, is in his own hands, and it is safe. Henceforward he will stand by your side in every effort to advance the honor and welfare, to erect again the prostrate industries and restore the commercial power, of the great republic. What other aspiration can he have? What possible inducement could be offered to him to act otherwise? He is your fellow-citizen, living in the enjoyment of the same rights and privileges accorded to every inhabitant of this free land, and resting secure beneath the protecting folds of that glorious standard whose crimson stripes were painted with the life-blood of his fathers and yours; and whenever in the future it shall be unfurled in war, the Confederate soldier will be found beneath it, ready to give his life in its defense. If such occasion should ever occur, I think the boys in blue would hardly object to touch elbows with him, and would rather enjoy the 'old rebel yell' he would raise."

LIBRARY OF AMERICAN FICTION.

THE HARPERS propose to issue a Library of American Fiction in a neat and popular and cheap form, which shall be the companion of their old and familiar and successful Library of Select Novels. It will, of course, be adapted to family reading, and it will include the very best works of American authors: offering an opportunity to younger and as yet unknown writers, as well as to those whose names are familiar and popular. The Library of Select Novels is a remarkable collection of the great works of fiction mainly of other lands. But it has been found desirable to give especial distinction and encouragement to American fiction, the production of which has very largely increased; and it is hoped that the new enterprise, by the cheapness and attractiveness of form, and by the intrinsic worth of the works to be published, will commend itself to the generous favor of the public. The first issue will be *Esther Pennefather*, by ALICE PERRY, which will be presently followed by *Mag*, from an anonymous hand.

PERSONAL.

THE trustees of Columbia College deviated slightly from ordinary routine, on the 6th inst., by conferring upon Dr. FORDYCE BARKER the degree of LL.D. The vote in his favor was unanimous, which makes the compliment all the more graceful to one of the most accomplished and successful physicians in the country. The doctor sails for Europe in a few days on his annual summer trip, hence the Board of Trustees gave him his diploma in advance of the usual time of conferring such honors, at Commencement.

—Mr. GEORGE CANNING HILL, for some time an editorial writer on the Boston *Post*, has just been promoted to the position of editor-in-chief.

—On the 29th of April the Czar attained his sixtieth birthday—the first ROMANOFF who ever reached that age.

—MIDHAT PASHA is quite a lion in London. He was at STANLEY'S lecture, and coming away the Prince of Wales asked him how he had liked the entertainment. "Infinitely," was the reply; "I was even more interested in Mr. STANLEY'S account of Equatorial Africa than a Frank could have been." "How so?" asked the Prince. "Why," replied MIDHAT, "I was delighted to find that there was at least one region in the world so remote and so uninviting that a Turk might hide his head there without being bothered."

—In that most charming of biographical works, the *Life of George Ticknor*, occurs this paragraph: "I talked a good deal with RICHARDSON, Sir WALTER SCOTT'S old friend, telling him how fine I thought SCOTT'S colloquial powers. He answered, 'Yes, but they were never so fine as when he was having a jolly good time with two or three friends.' He then described to me what he considered the finest specimen he had ever had of them. It was when nobody was present but TOM CAMPBELL. They dined together at TOM'S, in Sydenham, near London. They dined early, but by ten o'clock, brilliant as the conversation was, TOM was past enjoying it, and nothing remained for them but to carry him up stairs and put him to bed. SCOTT, however, was neither disturbed nor exhausted, and they two repaired to the village tavern, and ordering beefsteaks and hot brandy and water, SCOTT poured out floods of anecdote and poetry, and talked on till three, when, with undiminished resources, and as bright as ever, he reluctantly went to bed. Next morning they were up in good season. TOM came over to them, a little the worse for wear, but not much. SCOTT talked on more brilliantly, if possible, than ever. At eleven o'clock they had mutton-chops and beer for breakfast, and all three went off to London, SCOTT amusing them all the way as, according to RICHARDSON'S account, men were never amused before or since. The whole story is, no doubt, characteristic of the period as well as of the men."

—Mr. ELLIS H. ROBERTS has just celebrated the twenty-seventh anniversary of his connection with the Utica *Herald* as editor and manager. Mr. ROBERTS is not only one of the most scholarly and competent of the editorial brotherhood, but as a member of the State and national Legislatures has acquitted himself with distinction.

—At the recent sale of TURNER'S works in London an amusing anecdote was current. A well-known artist was at his easel, with his "boy in buttons" in attendance, when for a moment the artist ceased painting, placing upon a chair his palette, upon which patches of a variety of colors were dotted in admired disorder. The page thoughtlessly sat down upon the palette. The painter's rage at first knew no bounds, but suddenly he exclaimed, "Stand still, boy, don't move: you have got a magnificent TURNER on your breeches!"

—General SHERMAN is for putting the axe at the root of some veteran remnants of fogyism relating to the equipment of troops. He would do away with the bayonet, the sergeant's sword, the cartridge-box, belt plates, and knapsack, and substitute a good revolver, a leather pouch for cartridges, a knife, a rubber blanket, and provision sack. The blanket will contain all the clothing necessary for a long march, and should be worn across the body from shoulder to waist.

—The arm-chair which belonged to our senior Quaker, WILLIAM PENN, was one of the noticeable pieces of handiwork on view at the Centennial Exposition. It was for many years the property of GEORGE B. HERBERT, who carted it about with him during various journeys and sojourneys in these United States. Finally it found a resting-place with Mr. GEORGE W. CHILDS, who respected the memory of W. P., likewise his chair, and therefore, with the public spirit for which he is distinguished, he has presented it to the Historical Society of Pennsylvania, where it will henceforth rest in peace.

—Postmaster JAMES has been seen and very properly admired by the New York correspondent of the Auburn *Advertiser*, who says he is "one of the best officials New York has ever possessed. After the usual type of overfed, pompous officials, it is a pleasure to come into the presence of this frank, clear-eyed, simple-mannered chief, with figure clean built for strength and activity, whom the end man of a township board could discount in the matter of airs, but who is a condensation of sense and energy. Repeated instances are named where he has, out of simple justice and honor, done what we rarely hear of any officer—made up the losses occasioned by mistakes, which will occur even with the best employés, out of his own pocket—a performance so remarkable that there is very little doubt of its remaining a peculiarity of the New York Post-office."

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS: The House, on the 5th inst., passed the Legislative, Executive, and Judicial Appropriation Bill.—An attempt was made in the House, on the 6th, to reduce the tax on tobacco, but the bill failed.—The President nominated ex-Governor Packard to be consul at Liverpool, and Consul Fairchild to be consul-general at Paris.—The House, by a vote of 109 to 108, on the 7th, took up the Tariff Bill. The Senate passed the Pension Appropriation Bill.—On the 9th, the Senate passed the Indian Appropriation Bill and the bill for the distribution of the Mexican awards. The House passed a joint resolution for the enforcement of the eight-hour law.

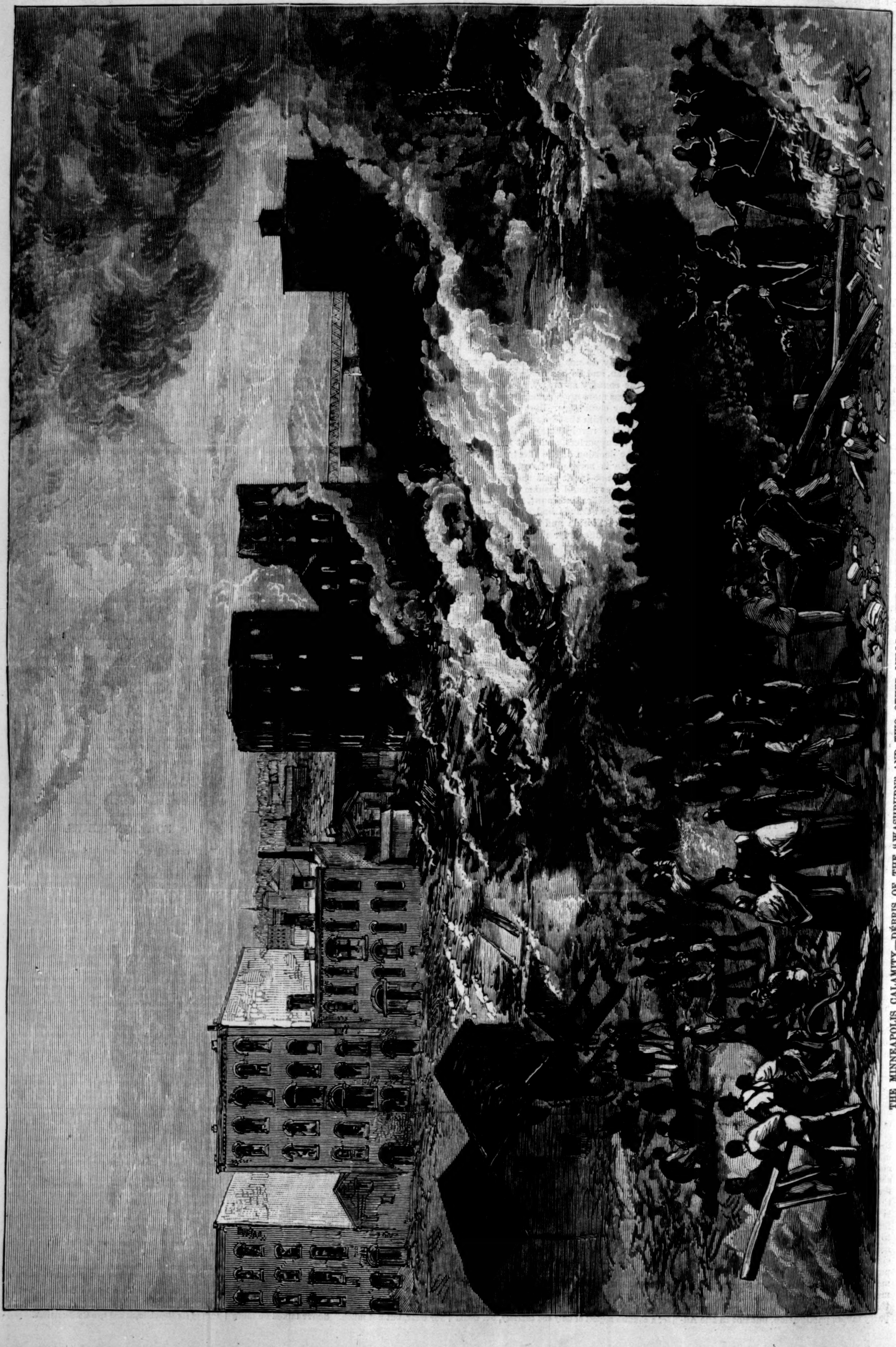
The Pennsylvania National State Convention met in Philadelphia on the 8th.—A resolution was adopted that no candidate should be recognized who had any affiliation with the old parties. S. R. Mason was nominated for Governor, Benjamin S. Bentley for Supreme Judge, and Mr. Shearer for Lieutenant-Governor.

FOREIGN NEWS.

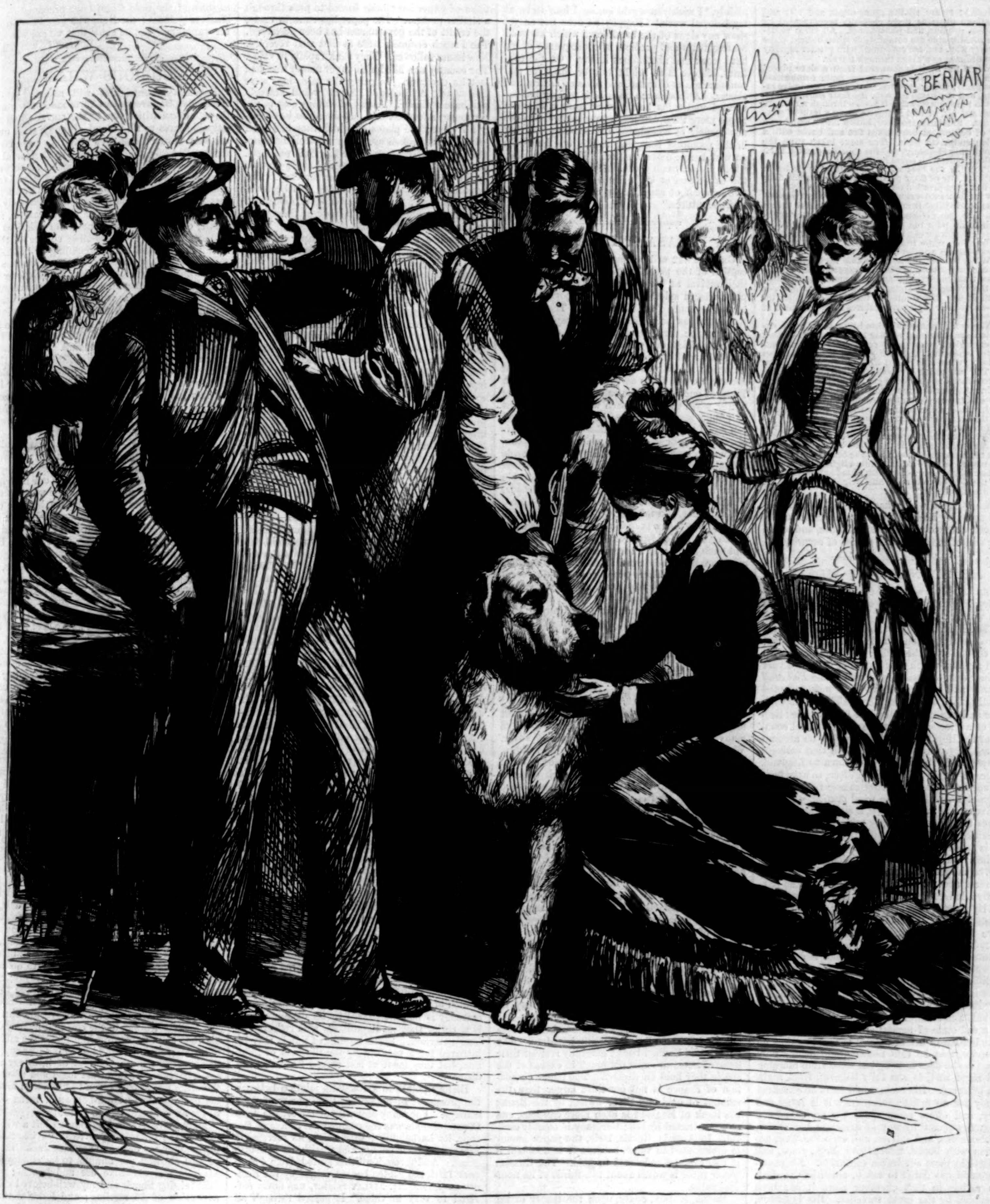
THE EASTERN QUESTION: Count Schouvaloff, Russian ambassador at London, has gone to St. Petersburg. Before his departure he had long interviews with lords Beaconsfield and Salisbury. It is believed that he takes the British reply to certain inquiries and proposals determined upon at St. Petersburg, having in view the withdrawal of both the Russians and British from Constantinople and the facilitating of the assembling of the Congress. The Czar is personally directing negotiations, with the assistance of Baron Jomini. Sir Stafford Northcote, in an address at Oxford, on the 8th inst., said that the government was still engaged in difficult negotiations, but had hopes, despite all misrepresentation, of arriving at a peaceful settlement. A memorial circulated by the Eastern Question Association, regretting the calling out of the reserves, and expressing the belief that no sufficient obstacle exists to prevent the assembling of the Congress, has been signed by 17,000 persons, including the dukes of Westminster and Bedford, the Marquis of Bath, the bishops of Exeter and Oxford, several noblemen, Mr. Carlyle, Rev. Mr. Spurgeon, Dr. Newman Hall, Mr. Robert Browning, and Sir Charles Reed, and presented to the Queen.—"At Constantinople," the London *Daily News's* correspondent says, "another palace revolution is threatened. The conspirators for the overthrow of Sultan Abdul Hamid and the accession of Murad, or somebody else, actually fixed one day last week for the attempt, but fear of Russian interference caused a change of their plans, and the conspirators say that they must wait until the Russians go.—Baker Pasha has been appointed to the command of the First Army Corps, defending the lines of Constantinople and Maslak.—The London *Standard's* Vienna correspondent says that anarchy reigns in the newly annexed districts of Montenegro. Albanians, Christians, and Moslems refuse submission to the Prince of Montenegro, and war may break out at any moment. The Austrian government has dispatched three men-of-war to Cattaro.—A special dispatch from Pera to the London *Times* says: "Advices from Adrianople and Philippopolis, of the 2d inst., report continued fighting about Haskoi, in which district twenty-one Mohammedan villages have been destroyed, the Russians laying the blame on the Bulgarians, and the Bulgarians laying it on the Russians."—The Russian head-quarters have been removed to St. George, eleven miles northwest of San Stefano. The Turks, in turn, have ordered the partial evacuation of Shumla.

Count von Bulow, Secretary of State for the German Foreign Office, is gazetted as official substitute for Prince Bismarck in the Department of Foreign Affairs, Admiral Von Stosch in matters connected with the Navy, and Dr. Stephan in the administration of Posts and Telegraphs.

Supplementary elections held in Paris, on the 5th, for members of the Chamber of Deputies, caused by invalidations of previous elections, resulted in the return of six Republicans and two Conservatives.



THE MINNEAPOLIS CALAMITY.—DÉBRIS OF THE "WASHBURN" AND TWO OTHER MILLS IN THE FOREGROUND.—From a Photograph by C. A. Zimmermann.—[See Page 409.]



BEAUTY AND THE BEAST—A SKETCH AT THE DOG SHOW.—[Drawn by C. S. Reinhart, from a Sketch by G. H. Stull.]

THE BENCH SHOW.

The Bench or Dog Show, so successfully inaugurated last year by the Westminster Kennel Club, bids fair to become one of the recognized institutions of New York, like the time-honored cattle-show of the rural districts, and no doubt it will be the means of greatly improving the different breeds of dogs in this country. It has already led to the importation of fine stock from Europe, and the ranks of dog aristocracy are rapidly increasing in numbers, especially in our cities. Gilmore's Garden, where the Bench Show is held, is one of the best places in the world for such an exhibition. Spacious and well ventilated, it affords ample room for the accommodation of the dogs and for the convenience of the crowds attracted by the spectacle. The rules and regulations of the club insure good treatment and fair competition, and although it can not be expected that the awards of the judges shall give satisfaction in every case, each exhibitor will have the pleasure of knowing that his dog has equal opportunity with all the rest to make an impression on the public, which may not in every instance accord with the official judgment. Out of nearly 1000 dogs some must miss of getting their deserts.

THE MINNEAPOLIS CALAMITY.

The views on the preceding page show the ruined portion of Minneapolis—a flourishing town of Minnesota, about five miles from St. Paul—as it appeared just after the disastrous explosion of the Washburn "A" Flouring Mill, on the 2d inst. This structure was the largest of the kind in America, having forty-one run of stone, and all the appliances for manufacturing the finest grades of flour. The building was 100 × 138 feet on the ground, seven and a half stories high, with stone walls six feet thick at the base to eighteen inches at the eaves, and was supplied with ample apparatus for extinguishing fires, including hydrant and hose on each floor. The management had insisted upon every precaution, including prohibition of the use of open lights. Extra caution had lately been enjoined on account of a narrow escape from fire through flour dust coming in contact with the flame of an open lantern.

At seven o'clock Thursday evening, May 2, the night force relieved the day hands in the Washburn Mill and five other mills in the immediate vicinity. About twenty minutes later Minneapolis was startled by three almost simultaneous explosions, the first and third of which were heard ten miles away. Buildings at that distance from the scene were jarred by the force of the concussion, and fragments from the explosion fell at a distance of seven miles. The first explosion occurred in the Washburn Mill, and its force was sufficient to move every stone to the lowest foundation. All the walls fell outwardly, the western walls against the Humboldt and the Diamond mills and adjoining buildings, all of which were instantly prostrated, falling from the Washburn Mill in the direction of the railroad round-house across the Milwaukee yard. The round-house was split by the concussion and partly destroyed. The ruins were immediately enveloped in flame. Parties standing on high ground on the elevated side, several blocks away, saw from behind the tall elevator spring up columns of whitish vapor, like steam in appearance, immediately followed by a dense black cloud, which was quickly illuminated by the reflection of a great fire. Simultaneously the elevator building appeared to part in the middle from top to bottom, and flashed out in a mass of bright flames. At the same time the flames rolled across the canal through the crushed doors and windows of the Pettit, Zenith, and Galaxy mills, setting the interiors of all three on fire. The same appearances were observed from other directions, and those who noted the lifting of the roof of the Washburn Mill maintain that it was blown several hundred feet into the air.

Of thirteen men who were in the Washburn Mill not one escaped, and three employed in other mills were killed, making the total of lives lost sixteen. There were many almost miraculous escapes.

There are various opinions in regard to the cause of this terrible explosion. It is generally attributed to the ignition of a combustible material thrown off by the middlings-purifier, which, though harmless when piled, will take fire if, when floating in the air, it comes in contact with flame. This opinion rests on the authority of eminent chemists who have examined into the cause of similar explosions in Europe. The clearest explanation which we have met with is that of Professor Stevenson Macadam, an English chemist, quoted in a recent number of the *American Miller:*

> "The chemistry of grain and flour may assist us in arriving at an understanding regarding these fire explosions. The chemical components are principally starch and gluten, with small proportions of gum, sugar, oil, woody fibre, and ash. The starch and woody fibre are composed of carbon, hydrogen, and oxygen

($C_6H_{10}O_5$); so are all the gum, sugar, and oil; and the gluten contains these elements accompanied by nitrogen, sulphur, and phosphorus. All these proximate constituents are combustible when burned in the ordinary way, and are consumed with greater rapidity when diffused as a cloud through the air.

"When the flour is showered from a sieve placed some distance above a gas flame, rapid combustion takes place; indeed, the flour burns with explosive rapidity, and the flame licks up the flour shower somewhat in the same way that it flashes through a mixture of gas and air, or that it travels along a train of gunpowder. Similarly, the flour, blown into a cloud by a pair of bellows, at once takes fire and burns with a sudden and vivid flash. The smut taken from the grain during cleansing, and the shorts separated from the flour, burn with equal readiness.

"Probably the best way of showing the explosive combustibility of flour particles is to place some flour in a box lying inverted on its lid, introduce a light, and blow the flour into a cloud by a bellows, when instantly the box is lifted from its lid and much flame rushes out. The fine division of the flour has necessarily much to do with the rapid combustion; and indeed coarse gunpowder can be passed through a flame without burning, while iron filings can not fall through the same flame without being set fire to.

"When burned, the flour resolves itself into gases. The carbon, by uniting with the oxygen of the air, becomes carbonic oxide (CO), or carbonic acid (CO_2), and the hydrogen and oxygen become water, vapor, or steam (H_2O). The volume of these gases is much increased by their high temperatures at the moment of combustion.

"The conditions required to bring about a fire explosion are somewhat similar to those which cause a gas explosion. Coal gas is combustible and not explosive when unmixed with air, and it only becomes explosive when it is mixed with sufficient air to burn it. The proportion is obtained in the most powerful degree when one volume of gas is mingled in ten parts of air. A lesser or larger proportion of air lessens the power of the explosion by causing the gas to burn less quickly, and consequently with less explosive force, and thus tending more to ordinary combustion.

"In order to bring about the explosion it is necessary, also, that the flour-air mixture be confined within a given space; hence, if the flour be incased in a box with the lid fastened down, and the bellows be brought into play to produce a cloud while a light is introduced, the box will be forced open with a loud explosive noise, and the side be split up, while weights placed on the box are thrown off."

The disaster which has befallen Minneapolis will probably lead to further investigations into the character of this flour-air mixture, and to the adoption of more effective means of security.

MR. STANLEY AT WORK.

The London *Publishers' Circular* gives the following interesting account of Mr. Stanley's habits as a worker:

"Mr. H. M. Stanley's two most ardent friends and admirers, Colonel Yule and Mr. Hyndman, not content with the praise, mixed, however, with mild reproof, which they have felt it to be a part of their duty to bestow upon him in the *Pall Mall Gazette* and other journals, have now collected together their otherwise 'inaccessible' correspondence and issued it in pamphlet form, as the 'Record of a Protest' against the president and council of the Royal Geographical Society on account of the very warm reception which that eminent body gave Mr. Stanley on his return to England. There seems, judging by the preface, to have been no special unanimity between these two authors. Colonel Yule abhors the word *ovation*, which he derives from the word *ovis*, a sheep; and he declines to lead, or follow, or mingle with a flock; he sticks to his 'newly found friend,' not because he is 'absolutely agreed' with him, but because he has 'the courage of his opinions,' and has reproved the said flock face to face with becoming firmness and modesty. The gallant colonel naturally admires pluck, and that is why he *protests*. Mr. Hyndman protests because the 'great achievements,' which have shocked his own *sensibilities*, have failed to penetrate even the wool of the flinty-hearted flock. Surely these gentlemen do 'protest too much.' The pamphlet is doubtless expected to effect some good purpose (though it is difficult to see what), and will probably have a very large gratuitous circulation.

"Meanwhile another of Mr. Stanley's warmest friends and admirers—his landlady—is, we hear, in a sad state of mental anxiety on his account. The burden of her complaint is that he takes no exercise, that he eats nothing, and drinks only tea, that he does nothing but write from morning till night, and, as she fully believes, from night till morning. His room would form an excellent study for an artist; fortunately it is large and airy, and offers some space for an occasional 'journey round' by way of exercise; but chairs, tables, sofas, and settees, and even the floor, are laden with books, newspapers, MSS., maps, and charts in most admirable confusion. No chamber-maid has dared to touch, much less to dust, an article in that chamber since it has been occupied by the great traveller. His luncheon, composed of the choicest tidbits his landlady can think of, is served with the greatest punctuality at twelve, and is frequently kept cooling on the sideboard till two or three o'clock; for both breakfast table and master are fully occupied with maps or other documents, and can not be disturbed for so unimportant a matter. When the tenderest of sweet-breads has cooled down to the consistency of leather, then does Mr. Stanley, perhaps, begin to think of tasting a little; but it is soon hurried off, and pipe and work resumed, and his landlady, who is proud of and most anxious to please him, is in despair. He sits all day long on a wicker stool about eight inches high, and writes on a little round table of perhaps treble that height, just large enough to hold an ink-pot, a quire of foolscap, and the flat-bottomed meerschaum which has accompanied him through Africa. The adjoining large circular table is adorned in the centre with an ornamental flower-pot containing an ever-blooming heliotrope, which requires no tender nursing, for it is artificial. This table, like the others, is laden with books, MSS., and letters in the utmost possible disorder, notwithstanding which, however, in justice to Mr. Stanley, it should be said that he can always put his hand in a moment on any thing he wants in any part of the room. He has numerous callers during the day, and is always courteous to his visitors, though with a preoccupied air, which says, plainly, 'I wish you would go, for I long to be at my beloved work.' Happily he does not as yet show any signs of the breakdown which his good hostess fears and predicts in consequence of his hard work and abstemious habits. On the contrary, his eye is as bright as ever, his voice and countenance as cheerful, and his step as firm and elastic. Although the book he is writing has expanded under his hands to at least a hundred pages more than was first contemplated, he does not despair of completing his self-imposed task in the promised time, and to this end he works on with heroic determination. The first volume, which finds a natural conclusion at the arrival of the expedition at Ujiji, forms a complete narrative in itself of surprisingly interesting and untold adventures."

A PLEASANT EXCURSION.

On page 412 will be found a sketch of the reception of the passengers of the "Tally-Ho" on their arrival at the St. George's Hotel, Philadelphia, after a splendid and most enjoyable drive of twelve hours from New York. The story of the drive has been so well and graphically related by the correspondents of the daily press, who chronicled every incident by the way, that we shall refrain from giving any details of the excursion, which was as unlike an old-fashioned American stage drive as could be well imagined. Those of our readers who can remember, with the writer, when the stage-coach was the only means of public land conveyance in this country, and can recall the long, tedious miles of toilsome travel over muddy or sandy roads which they were condemned to endure, must wonder why any people should prefer a coach to a Pullman car. To their minds the thought of a stage-coach is inseparable from discomfort, from jolting over rough roads, ploughing through sandy ones, suffocation by dust, aching bones, and numberless other disagreeable things. But that was serious coaching; the drive of the "Tally-Ho" from New York to Philadelphia and back again was a merry excursion. The inmates of the coach were friends. The weather was pleasant. There were enthusiastic receptions all along the road, and at every "stage" there were fresh horses, a new driver, and a general "shake up" among the passengers. As a "lark," it was delightful; but coaching under ordinary conditions, and with a mixed company of passengers, would be a very different sort of entertainment.

INFLATION IN ALL AGES.

The true way to discover the nature of honest money is, as Locke says, to look upon it as so many ounces or pennyweights of gold or silver. We then see that the names of dollars or dimes, guineas or marks, are of no importance. What men want in their dealings with each other is something of real value that can be passed from hand to hand, and is useful in exchanging merchandise; which never loses its value, and is therefore current in all parts of the world. Certain quantities of gold and silver have been fixed upon for this purpose. A dollar is certain weight of silver, a guinea or eagle of gold, and the general consent of men in all ages has fixed what is called the value of these metals in a definite proportion. A person who exchanges lands or goods for gold has something that will purchase property of an equal value in any other country. His pound of metal is of the same value in Paris or London as in New York. But if he takes paper money, it is of no use to him unless it represents so many pounds' weight of silver and gold. If issued by a country that is always ready to pay coin for its paper, it may circulate and become current. The credit of a government may be tested by the price of its promissory notes. But no government can issue a large number of these notes without finding its credit impaired. The French and English banks carefully restrict their issue of notes to sums not much in excess of the specie they hold on deposit. The paper circulation of France is not one-third larger than the amount of gold and silver owned by the Bank; the Bank of England is even more cautious, and more restricted by law; Germany is equally careful. In Austria, Russia, Italy, the paper money is depreciated in value, because it is doubtful if it can ever be redeemed in gold. The Russian paper ruble is worth about two-thirds of its nominal value.

Russia, in fact, ought, upon the theory of the advocates of an unlimited paper currency, to be the most prosperous of nations. It has never ceased to be the possessor of this doubtful advantage. A series of incessant wars has kept its national credit always at a low point. The wars of Catherine II. in the last century left it with an enormous debt, and a currency depreciated by an immense issue of paper money. At the close of the Napoleonic wars the amount had so increased that four paper rubles were equal only to one silver ruble. Since then the government has labored to decrease the amount of its paper money, and in 1874 had in circulation a new paper currency of about 750,000,000 rubles, founded upon a kind of general banking system. It hoped to raise its current value by private securities and a legal-tender clause. But the project failed. The paper ruble before the recent war was always ten or fifteen per cent. below silver. At present its value seems altogether unfixed. The country is filled with paper which no one takes willingly, and which is worthless as a means of exchange. Trade, industry, suffer; the foreigner makes his profit out of the misfortunes of Russia; poverty increases; great fortunes are amassed by usurers; and the first aim on the part of the Russian government at the return of peace will no doubt be to diminish the vast incumbrance of its paper currency. All nations that have issued great quantities of paper have been forced to pass through a similar process. The paper has sunk in value, the credit of the government has been destroyed. The French *assignats* were at first well received. New issues followed. They sank rapidly in value. The country was filled with paper money that had lost its currency. In paper the valuations were enormous. A thousand francs would scarcely purchase a dinner. A suit of clothes cost in paper money a fortune. At last the notes lost nearly all value; the plates on which they had been printed were broken up. The impoverished people demanded gold or silver for their products. The unscrupulous speculators had alone profited by the brief delusions of a paper currency. The agricultural and industrial classes had been the chief sufferers; they have ever since demanded in France payment for their labor or their products in gold and silver coins of full value. Yet it is to such a reign of unlimited paper currency that some of our political leaders invite the people. Their plan is to cover the country with French *assignats* or a Continental currency, and they strive to awaken a momentary dream of wealth that can end only in a revulsion of intense poverty and popular destitution.

The effect of an excessive and irredeemable paper currency, or of a debased metallic one, has been the same in every age. It acts as a forced contribution upon the laboring classes for the benefit of those who have capital. What every republican government chiefly demands is the equalization as far as possible of the physical condition of its people; it would have the many prosper, the industrious attain comfort. But the inferior currency tends to increase the inequalities of fortune, and benefits no one. The Western farmer who, during the period of inflation, parted with his crops for a depreciated paper, who valued his property at fanciful rates, who purchased at a still higher premium, now finds that he has lost instead of gained by dealing in inflated paper, that somebody has carried off all the profits of his labor. Could he trace his various transactions to their source, he would find that the person who made by them was the foreign merchant or money-changer. The farmer sold his crop for a depreciated paper, but for most of his purchases he has paid in coin. Let us suppose that he had received gold for his products; he would now have been solvent and prosperous.

Already the new crops of the West and South promise a great return. The last year's crop, immense, unusual, is still in part to be sold. Cotton, wheat, provisions, corn, and all our various productions have sure purchasers in Europe. And now a political faction insists that all this vast property, amounting to more than six hundred millions of dollars, shall be paid for, not in gold, silver of full quantity, bills payable in specie, but in depreciated silver or paper. They invite the foreign purchaser to make his payments in bad money; they insist that contracts of sale shall be payable in a clipped dollar; they would forbid resumption, continue all the evils of a paper currency that has made England rich at the cost of the American producer. England has profited by our folly; it now refuses to lend us the money it has won from our want of prudence. But the producing classes among us, I suspect, are not to be led away again by the indiscretion of their political leaders. They will take nothing but good money for their crops. They will never again sell their provisions for clipped dollars; they will exact a full and fair payment for their property. They will require England and Europe to pay in the best money; they will pay good money in return. This is plain common-sense. We shall in this way receive six hundred millions in gold and silver annually from Europe, and can save enough of it to bring prosperity to every branch of trade. The absurdity of debasing the currency is only surpassed by its dishonesty; it is a policy that no Republican who reflects can long entertain. Some intelligent minds may be insnared for a moment by the illusions of inflation, but they must at last escape from them in dismay.

History points to a constant relation between the prosperity of nations and the purity of their coinage. For many centuries of the Middle Ages Constantinople was the commercial centre of Europe, its harbor filled with ships, its merchants famous for their energy and wealth, its revenues great. And through all this period, from 476 to near 1204, the golden byzant coined by the Eastern emperors, Mr. Finlay relates, was never suffered to vary in value. It passed through all Europe as the most perfect and trustworthy of coins. Its fineness, beauty, convenience, made it the real standard of trade. A few emperors ventured to adulterate it, but their more intelligent successors soon restored it to its purity. For nearly eight centuries the solidus and its successor, the byzant, remained the only gold currency of Europe. Florence and Venice next became famous for the purity of their gold coinage. Holland superseded them at last. Next England produced the best money of Europe. The byzant was imitated in the English guinea, the American eagle. It is a curious contrast to observe the ancient Byzantium in its fallen and modern state, decayed under a barbarous rule, its commerce lost, its money floods of worthless paper, its debts the Nemesis of English bondholders, its golden byzants, once the standard of Europe, fled forever from their early seat. The paper money of Russia and of Turkey may well instruct our rising politicians.

But the real question to be asked of our industrial classes is, if they are willing to take bad money when they can get good: shall the country sell its productions for floods of depreciated paper or for inferior silver, when all Europe is offering to pay for them in the purest and finest coins? Is any farmer anxious to lay by a hoard of inconvertible paper money? would he prefer to fill his chest with a debased coinage? The negroes of the Gold Coast once preferred cowry shells to guineas; the Mohawks would only trade for wampum. Let us show that we are wiser.

Eugene Lawrence.

CURIOUS WILLS.

People's eccentricities will manifest themselves, despite strenuous efforts made to conceal them. Peculiarities rise to the surface, and are palpable facts to all around, although their owners may flatter themselves that they pass unnoticed. Possibly there are people so fearful of being thought odd that they suppress all outward manifestation of eccentricity during life, and only allow it to crop out in their last wills and testaments. However this may be, it is certainly an excellent opportunity to be sharp, caustic, sarcastic, or witty at the expense of relatives or friends, as there is no possible chance of their ever replying, and either wounding or defeating the aggressor in a verbal conflict. Clauses in wills which are highly calculated to grieve or enrage those whom they concern afford much amusement, and perhaps a little instruction, to others not interested or acquainted with the injured parties; at all events, they give an insight into the workings of that wonderful and complicated construction called the human mind. Not knowing how much the testators have suffered during their lives from their relatives, it is quite impossible to decide where sympathy is to be expended, or if it be less galling to receive a reproach *without* a bequest than it is to receive a bequest *with* a reproach. The extracts from the two following wills are cases in point:

In 1772, John G——e, Esq., of Surrey, died, leaving a will containing this clause: "Whereas, it was my misfortune to be made very uneasy by ——, my wife, for many years from our marriage, by her turbulent behavior; for she was not content with despising my admonition, but she contrived every method to make me unhappy; she was so perverse to her nature that she would not be reclaimed, but seemed only to be born to be a plague to me; the strength of Samson, the knowledge of Homer, the prudence of Augustus, the cunning of Pyrrhus, the patience of Job, the subtlety of Hannibal, and the watchfulness of Hermogenes could not have been sufficient to subdue her; for no skill or force in the world would make her good; and as we had lived separate and apart from each other eight years, and she having perverted her son to leave and totally abandon me, therefore I give her one shilling only."

To be furnished with such a character, and then cut off with a shilling, is really too cruel. It is not wives alone who suffer, as will be seen from the next extract, but sisters both married and single receive their share of reproach and sarcasm. In this will of Dr. Dunlop's, however, there is some compensation for the wounds inflicted. He was of Scotch origin, and a member of Congress. His will contained this amusing clause: "I leave my property of Gairbread and all the property I may be possessed of to my sisters —— and ——; the former because she is married to a minister whom—may God help him!—she hen-pecks; the latter because she is married to nobody, nor is she likely to be, for she is an old maid, and not market rife……I leave my silver tankard to the eldest son of old John, as the representative of the family. I would have left it to old John himself, but he would have melted it down to make temperance medals, and that would have been a sacrilege. However, I leave him my big horn snuff-box; he can only make temperance horn spoons out of that……I leave my brother-in-law Allan my punch-bowl, as he is a big, gauchy man, and likely to do credit to it……I leave to Parson Chevassie my big silver snuff-box, as a small token of gratitude to him for taking my sister Maggie, whom no man of taste would have taken……I leave to John Caddell a silver tea-pot, to the end that he may drink tea therefrom to comfort him under the affliction of a slatternly wife……I leave my silver cup, with the sovereign in the bottom of it, to my sister ——, because she is an old maid and pious, and therefore necessarily given to hoarding; and also my grandmother's snuff-box, as it looks decent to see an old maid taking snuff."

Fifty years ago an Englishman left a will containing the following provisos: "I bequeath to my monkey, my dear and amusing Jacko, the sum of £10 sterling per annum, to be employed for his sole and exclusive use and benefit; to my faithful dog Shock and my well-beloved cat Tib a pension of £5 sterling; and I desire that, in case of the death of either of the three, the lapsed pension shall pass to the other two, between whom it is to be equally divided. On the death of all three, the sum appropriated to this purpose shall become the property of my daughter Gertrude, to whom I give this preference among my children because of the large family she has, and the difficulty she finds in bringing them up."

It must have been exceedingly flattering to the daughter to have ranked fourth in her father's affections—first a monkey, then a dog, then a cat, then herself: after all, she outranked the other children, but only because of her numerous progeny.

When Monsieur Colombies, a Parisian merchant, died, he left about $6000 to a lady of Rouen for having twenty years before refused to marry him, "through which," states the will, "I was enabled to live independently and happily as a bachelor."

It is recorded of a rich old farmer that in giving instructions for his will he directed a legacy of £100 to be given to his wife. Being informed that some distinction was made usually in case the widow married again, he doubled the sum; and when told that this was quite contrary to custom, he said, with heart-felt sympathy for his possible successor, "Ay, but him as gets her 'll desarve it."

The following verse from an old number of

Blackwood's Magazine warns all women against making their own wills:

> "Testators are good; but a feeling more tender
> Springs up when I think of the feminine gender;
> The testatrix for me, who, like Télémaque's mother,
> Unweaves at one time what she wove at another;
> She bequeaths, she repents, she recalls a donation,
> And she ends by revoking her own revocation;
> Still scribbling or scratching some new codicil—
> Oh, success to the woman who makes her own will!"

Wills in rhyme are rare. In a case decided in the Probate Court in 1875 the testator made a codicil to his will as follows:

> "I, having neither kith nor kin,
> Bequeath all I have named herein
> To Margaret, my dearest wife,
> To have and hold as hers for life.
> While in good health and sound in mind,
> This codicil I've undersigned."

Another curious specimen of a will in rhyme is that of a Mr. William Jackett, of Islington, Middlesex, proved in 1789:

> "I give and bequeath,
> When I'm laid underneath,
> To my two loving sisters most dear,
> The whole of my store,
> Were it twice as much more,
> Which God's goodness has granted me here.
>
> "And that no one may prevent
> This my will and intent,
> Or occasion the least law racket,
> With a solemn appeal,
> I confirm, sign, and seal
> This the true act and deed of Will Jacket.
>
> "Elizabeth and Ann,
> In the name of God, Amen."

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

Mr. Francis A. Allen has lately endeavored to show before the Anthropological Institute that the Papuan race of the Pacific once extended to Africa on the west, and as far as America on the east. The latter point is based upon the assertion of the occurrence of black races in Central America, within the historic period, not of negro origin.

For a long time the interest of geographers has been directed toward the Roraima range of mountains, which lie between Guiana and New Granada. These constitute a lofty plateau, rising sheer above the surrounding country, and although covered with forests, and possibly provided with a peculiar vegetation and fauna, has proved inaccessible to travellers. Quite recently Messrs. Eddington and Flint have renewed the attempt to reach the summit, and at the height of 7000 feet above the sea they found themselves at the foot of perpendicular and, indeed, overhanging cliffs 2000 feet high, and were entirely unable to ascend from the side by which they had made their approach, while the jungle was so thick and dense that it was impossible to travel round in search of a more favorable spot.

The travellers remained there two days, and witnessed a curious sight in the falling of water, not in a continuous stream or even a broken torrent, but at intervals in immense waves. These, it was thought, might have been produced by the action of gusts of wind blowing across a lake at the top of the mountain.

Macagno, in a recent memoir, considers that the leaves of the vine act as the organs of secretion, especially those at the upper extremities of the fruit-bearing branches. They nourish the fruit with glucose and cream of tartar, which are conducted to them along the branches. This explains the occasional failure of the vine crops when the ends of the fruit-bearing branches at the third or fourth leaf above the highest bunch of grapes are removed. This operation, if carried to too great an extent, especially when the production of grapes is too abundant, does not leave a sufficient amount of the leaves for the secretion of the quantity of nutriment required for the fruit.

The second number of the third volume of the *Bulletin of the Nuttall Ornithological Club*, a quarterly journal of ornithology, contains a number of papers interesting to ornithologists, although there are fewer elaborate monographical papers than in some of the preceding numbers. The success of this journal is somewhat remarkable, as it is announced that it is already on a paying basis, and entirely free from debt—a result which some of its contemporaries would doubtless be pleased to emulate.

A great eruption of lava took place on the northern side of Mount Hecla, in Iceland, on the 27th of February last, accompanied by a severe earthquake shock.

It is announced that Dr. Gerhard Rohlfs is about commencing a new exploration in Eastern Africa, chiefly in the region of Soudan.

The Society of Missionaries of Algeria is about establishing two stations in Equatorial Africa—one to have its centre on Lake Tanganyika, the other on Victoria or Albert Lake. A third will probably be established still farther in the interior, in the country of the Muata Yanvo.

The *Geographical Magazine* announces the death of Daniel Hailes, one of the crew of Captain Nares in his recent British polar expedition. One of the ten who planted the union-jack in latitude 83° 20′ 26″, he was a victim of the ill-fated *Eurydice*, which capsized off the Isle of Wight on the 24th of March last.

A valuable work has lately reached this country, in the form of a general report of the province of Kordofan, by Major H. G. Prout, formerly an officer in the United States army, and now a member of the general staff of the Egyptian army, of which General C. P. Stone, also an ex-American officer, is the chief.

Major Prout in this volume, printed at Cairo, gives an account of his journeyings, and several valuable papers on the soil, climatology, and other physical and natural features of this little-known region.

Dr. H. Jalmar Widegren, the Intendant of the Swedish Fisheries, died at Stockholm on the 16th of March, in the fortieth year of his age. Dr. Widegren took his degree in zoology at the University of Upsala in 1863, and the merits of his thesis secured for him in 1864 the appointment of Intendant of the Fisheries. Since then he has been engaged in the constant endeavor to restore and improve the declining fisheries of Sweden, and with marked success. His annual publications are of standard value, and are worthy of careful study.

Professor Albert E. Church, in charge of the chair of mathematics at West Point, died on the 30th of March. He had been connected with the institution for forty years, and is best known as the author of *The Elements of Differential and Integral Calculus* and *Elements of Analytical Geometry*, both of which have been used as text-books in a large number of educational establishments throughout the United States.

A business meeting of the National Academy of Sciences was held in Washington on the 16th of April, and continued four days. The meeting was unusually well attended, no less than forty-five members being present. Many interesting communications were presented by Professor Agassiz and others, and the exhibition of the phonograph by Mr. Edison was one of the chief features of the occasion. But three new members were added to the rolls of the Academy—Professor John Trowbridge, of Cambridge; General Francis A. Walker, of New Haven; and Professor Joseph Leconte, of California.

Archæologists in the New World as well as the Old will deeply regret to hear of the death, in April last, of Mr. William Blackmore, so well known as the founder of the Blackmore Museum of American Antiquities at Salisbury, England.

Mr. Blackmore was a gentleman of large fortune and very liberal disposition, and professionally an eminent lawyer in London. He had large property interests in the United States, especially in Colorado, and during his repeated visits to this country made many friends. The Blackmore Museum was based essentially upon the archæological collections described by Squier and Davis in their work entitled *The Ancient Monuments of the Mississippi Valley*, and sold to Mr. Blackmore a few years ago by Dr. Davis. This embraced many unique objects, of some of which no representatives remain in the United States. In building a suitable edifice for the rest of this collection in Salisbury, his native city, Mr. Blackmore endowed it with a sufficient sum for its support.

Belgrand, a distinguished French engineer, died on the 8th of April, in the sixty-eighth year of his age. To him is due the well-known system of sewerage established in Paris.

The general meeting of the American Social Science Association for 1878 is announced to take place at Cincinnati on the 18th of May. Communications will be presented by Professor Benjamin Pierce, of Cambridge, Bishop Jagger, of Cincinnati, and other eminent persons.

Professor Jordan, of the Butler University, at Irvington, Indiana, proposes to continue his series of scientific excursions in the West during the present summer, the result of that of last year having been so satisfactory. This will leave Indianapolis on the 20th of June, and proceeding by rail to Lexington, Kentucky, will then be continued on foot through the most interesting parts of Kentucky and Tennessee, exploring especially the numerous caves by the way. The party will also spend a considerable time in the mountain region of North Carolina and Georgia, visiting Tollula and Toccoa falls and other noted localities. It is expected that large collections of natural history will be made during the journey, and especially of reptiles and fishes, as well as ethnological objects which the caves and mounds on the route will probably supply.

Special instructions in all departments of field exploration and research will be furnished, the whole doubtless constituting an admirable training to those who may wish to carry on researches in more distant regions. The probable expense for each person is estimated at about seventy dollars.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Calendar.

MAY.

Sunday, 26.—Fifth Sunday after Easter.
Thursday, 30.—Ascension-Day.

The New York May anniversaries began on Sunday, May 5, with the meeting of the American Home Missionary Society in the Broadway Tabernacle. The society reported that there were 996 ministers in its service, of whom 435 have been pastors of single churches. Thirty-three missionaries have preached to the people in foreign languages. The number of congregations supplied in whole or in part with ministerial service during the year was 2237. Forty-seven churches have been organized, and forty-six have become self-supporting. The additions to the churches through the society's missionaries were 5027 on profession of faith, and 2551 by letter. The total receipts for the year were $284,486, the disbursements $284,540; the sum of $15,306 is still due to missionaries for labor performed. The receipts of the treasury have been $9226 less for the past year than for the year preceding.

The sixty-second anniversary of the American Bible Society was held on the evening of May 5 in Dr. Crosby's church, Fourth Avenue and Twenty-second Street. The number of copies of the Bible printed and purchased during the year was 906,779. This aggregate is made up thus: manufactured at the Bible House, 654,893; printed abroad, 233,908; purchased abroad, 17,978. The issues have been: at home, 663,900; abroad, 193,593—making the total of issues 857,493. The cash receipts for the year were $446,954—a falling off from the year preceding of $96,625. In sixty-two years the American Bible Society has issued 34,864,315 volumes, consisting of the whole Bible or parts of the Bible. An anniversary of this society was held also in Richmond, Virginia, on May 12.

The jubilee or fiftieth anniversary of the American Seaman's Friend Society was held in the Broadway Tabernacle, Monday, May 6. During the half century of its existence this society has received $1,516,986. The Sailors' Home in Cherry Street, which was organized in 1842, has sheltered 104,316 sailors. The receipts for 1877 were $85,520; the disbursements, $84,977. One of the good works of the society is the loaning of libraries to ships, especially such as are setting out on long voyages. During the past year 883 libraries have been thus loaned. In the work of publication the results are: 80,000 copies of *The Sailors' Magazine*, 40,000 copies of *The Seamen's Friend*, and 300,000 copies of *The Life-Boat* issued.

The old truth that abstract ideas will in time work themselves out in forms of political combination receives a fresh illustration in the Nihilist conspiracy which now threatens the peace of Russia. As far as appears, Nihilism is another name for positivism. It denies the possibility of religious knowledge, and therefore takes the Agnostic view of the world and man. As in Christendom all civil institutions, law, marriage, and morals are founded on the Christian religion, Nihilism has begun war upon these, and in despotic Russia such a war quickly brings on a crisis. Strange to say, the seeds of Nihilism were sowed by a novelist—Tourgueneff. The students of the universities have been fascinated by this protest against society as now organized in the empire, and Nihilist clubs have sprung up in all directions. The Russian police confess their inability to put down the clubs.

We may as well accept the emigration of a considerable portion of the colored people now in the United States to Africa as a fact. Whether it be wise or unwise for many of them to go in their present untrained condition, the experiment will be made. The American Colonization Society sent out a party of fifty-three persons in January, will send another in June, and still another in November. The voyage to Monrovia in a sailing vessel consumes about thirty-five days. After their arrival the emigrants are provided with food and shelter by the Colonization Society for six months. The Liberian government gives to each family twenty-five acres of land, and each single person ten acres. The passion now prevailing among the freedmen of the South for migration will be followed by many bitter disappointments, but a great English-speaking state will no doubt be established by them on the West Coast of Africa.

The anniversary of the National Temperance Society, in the Broadway Tabernacle, on Tuesday evening, May 7, was made memorable by the presence of the Hon. Neal Dow, the veteran reformer. Mr. Dow claimed for the State of Maine that "no liquor is sold in the villages, and only a little, and that among the foreign inhabitants, in the towns." The amount paid in the whole State annually for liquors, he said, was $1,000,000; whereas, according to the ratio of other States, it should be $13,000,000. The receipts of the National Society in 1877 were $54,080; the expenditures, $54,070. The Hon. William E. Dodge was elected president for the ensuing year.

The prime fact in the history of the American Tract Society during the past year is the union with it of the Boston Society. The separation of Boston from New York was occasioned twenty years ago by differences of opinion in relation to the treatment of the question of slave-holding in the society's publications. The donations received during the year were $89,008; the sales, $300,004; other receipts made a grand total of $415,016. This sum was nearly all expended, a balance of $5093 being left. In the missionary department 236 colporteurs are employed. At the anniversary, in the Broadway Tabernacle, on Tuesday evening, May 8, the building was filled. Judge Strong, of the Supreme Court of the United States, was re-elected president.

Messrs. Moody and Sankey closed their six weeks of uninterrupted meetings in New Haven on Sunday, May 5. To the very end as many as could be seated in the Tabernacle attended. Workmen's meetings were held at the shops of the New Haven Railroad Company, and at one of the large carriage factories of the city. Messrs. Pentecost and Stebbins were expected to follow Messrs. Moody and Sankey here as they did in Hartford. The number of persons added to the churches of New Haven and its vicinity as the fruit of these services is computed to be nearly 800.

The Presbyterian Assembly (Northern), which meets in Pittsburgh May 16, represents a very important constituency. In May, 1877, the total number of synods was 37; of presbyteries, 175; of ministers, 4801; of churches, 5153; and of communicants, 557,674. Since 1872 the increase in the number of communicants has been 89,570. The total of contributions for all purposes in 1877 was $8,295,361. The business of the Church is intrusted to the care of seven boards, which are subject to the General Assembly: Home Mission, Foreign Mission, Education, Publication, Presbyterian House, Church Erection, Relief. The care of freedmen is in charge of a permanent committee. Some of the Assembly's boards have their offices in New York; others in Philadelphia. The publication house is in the latter city. The sales of this house for the year ending March 31, 1877, were $195,028.

It was noted in this Intelligence at the time of the triennial Protestant Episcopal Convention, held last autumn in Boston, that great prominence was given in the proceedings to the subject of Christian missions. There has been an extraordinary awakening of interest in missions throughout the Protestant Episcopal Church. The effect is seen in the following table of receipts by the Foreign Board: On the 1st of May, 1875, the receipts of the board for the year then current were $65,231; on May 1, 1876, $61,433; on May 1, 1877, $84,751; on May 1, 1878, $95,938. There will be needed for the fiscal year ending September 1, 1878, $141,514, making the sum yet to be secured $45,576. The board has 120 stations in foreign lands, 245 laborers (of whom three are missionary bishops), and 3930 communicants.

The American Female Guardian Society and Home of the Friendless, held, at the beginning of the fiscal year just closed, a balance of $103,539; a part of this sum is a permanent fund. There were expended during the year $75,056. The Home has sheltered during the year 952 inmates, and has directly aided 18,314 persons. Five hundred and fifteen children have been admitted during that time; of these, 151 have been placed in Christian homes. This society sustains twelve industrial schools, in which 6374 children are registered. Its charities have long been a great blessing to the poor of New York.

The London Coffee-tavern Company, which has been in existence for two years, recently held its second annual meeting. The balance-sheet showed a profit of two per cent. on the stock, which appeared to be satisfactory to the shareholders. It was proposed to increase the capital to £50,000. Mr. Gladstone made a speech, in which he said that "it was by unpretending measures of this kind, thoroughly sound in their basis, and effecting good and nothing but good as far as they went, the surest and greatest progress would be made in contending against drunkenness, and that the evil would not be effectually checked by what are termed heroic remedies." This experiment is in skillful hands. The Hon. Cowper Temple and Mr. T. Hughes, M. P., are among its promoters.

The *Germania* prints the text of the settlement between the Roman Catholic hierarchy and the republic of Colombia, by which the priests have been restored to the exercise of their ecclesiastical functions. The point at issue between the parties was the extent of the authority of the state in Church affairs. The clergy of the republic sign the following declaration: "We declare that by our adhesion to the protest of our bishop against the laws decreeing the supervision of divine worship, and against the banishment of some bishops, we have only fulfilled a duty of conscience. But we did not and do not intend by this act to disturb public order in the slightest degree. Farther, we have no intention of refusing to the state that obedience which we owe to it according to the prescriptions of religion and morality, and as servants of the Catholic Church. On the contrary, our office imposes upon us the duty of striving to maintain peace, and of instructing the people in this sense, as we do by this declaration." Suits against all priests who sign this declaration are withdrawn, and they are restored to their positions.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

"Did I ever love any other girl?" repeated a prospective bridegroom, in answer to the tearful inquiry of his intended. "Why, no, darling; of course not. Could you ask such a question? You are my first and only love. This heart knew no awakening until the sunshine of your love streamed in and awoke it to ecstasy." And then he kissed her tenderly, and went home, and said to himself, "I must hurry those things out of the way right off, or there'll be a row." And he collected together a great pile of letters, written in all kinds of feminine hands, with lots of faded flowers, and photographs, and locks of hair, and bits of faded ribbon, and other things; and when the whole collection had been crammed into the kitchen grate he drew a deep sigh and said to himself, "There goes all that's left of fourteen undying loves. Let 'em flicker."

The more suits at law, the less suits go [illegible]our back.

"Never marry for wealth," says a co[illegible]mporary, "but remember that it is just as easy to love a girl who has a brick house with a Mansard-roof and a silver-plated door-bell, as one who hasn't any thing but an auburn head and an amiable disposition."

A wag, upon visiting a medical museum, was shown some dwarfs and specimens of mortality all preserved in alcohol. "Well," said he, "I never thought the dead could be in such spirits."

A chronic growler, who lived in a boarding-house, kept the landlady in a state of torment all through the holidays by always remarking, at meal-time, "Things are getting tough, I tell you."

The five-year-old son of a family the other day stood watching his baby brother, who was making a great noise over having his face washed. The little fellow at length lost his patience, and, stamping his tiny foot, said, "You think you have lots of trouble, but you don't know any thing about it. Wait till you're big enough to get a lickin', and then you'll see—won't he, mamma?"

Men who avoid female society have dull conceptions and gross tastes.

A Kansas school-ma'am has introduced a new feature in her school. When one of the girls misses a word, the boy who spells it gets permission to kiss her. As a result, the girls are becoming very poor spellers, while the boys are improving.

A man never uses his thumb-nail for a screw-driver but once.

In the following love couplet there is a great paucity of words, but as much meaning as there is in many most moving love songs that have a fashionable run:

> "I looked and loved, and loved and looked, and looked
> and loved again;
> But looked and loved, and loved and looked, and
> looked and loved in vain."

"Are you trying to raise a mustache, my son?" kindly inquired a heavily whiskered father, the other morning, observing the young man scraping his face "in the place where the hair ought to grow." "Yes, Sir," mournfully replied the boy; "since you failed, it's about all I can raise."

Wife (*sarcastically, to husband coming home at five in the morning*). "Home already, my dear? Why, you are early!"

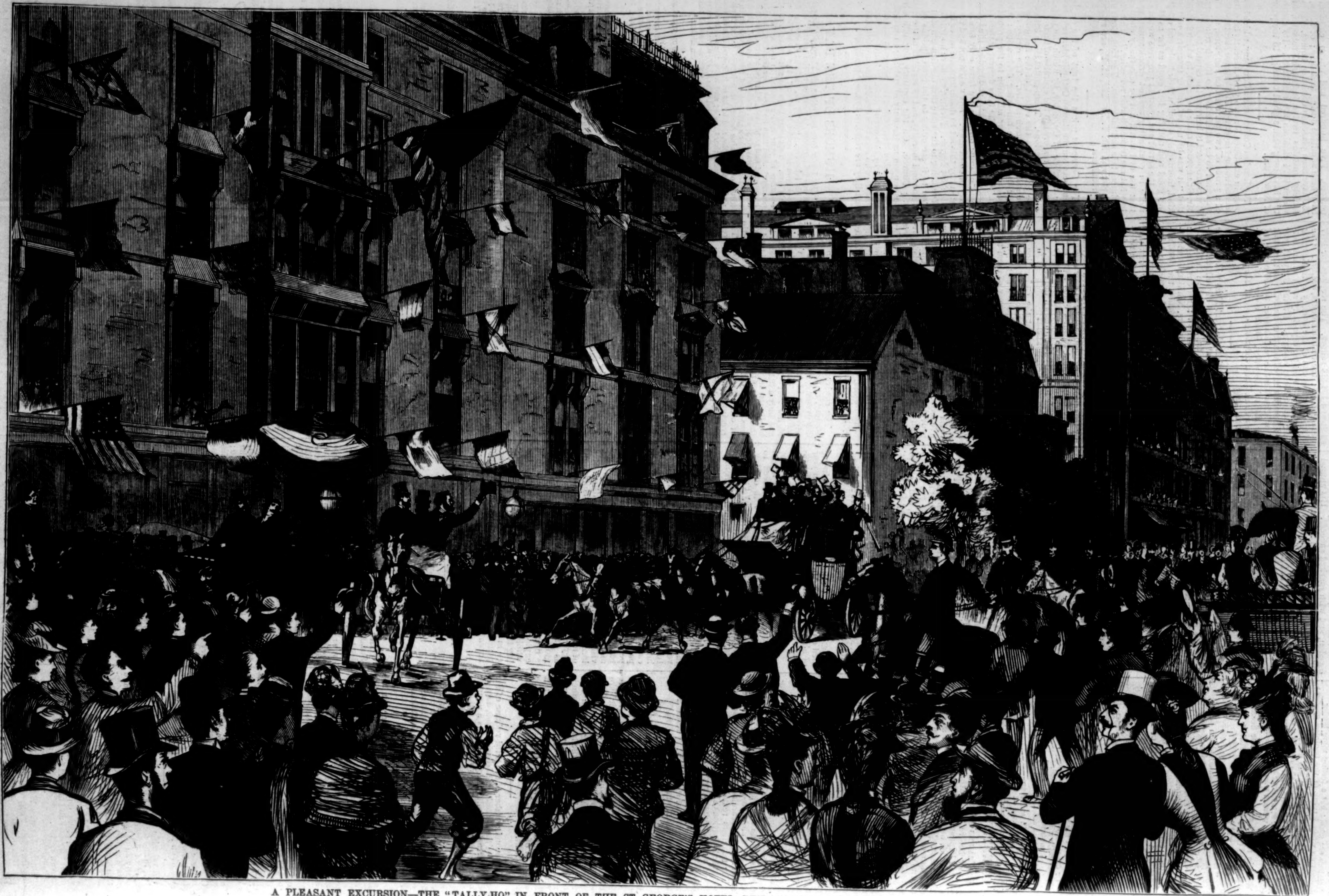
Husband. "Yes, my love; but I didn't care about staying any later. It was getting dull."

A very bad Judge—The man who tries his friends.

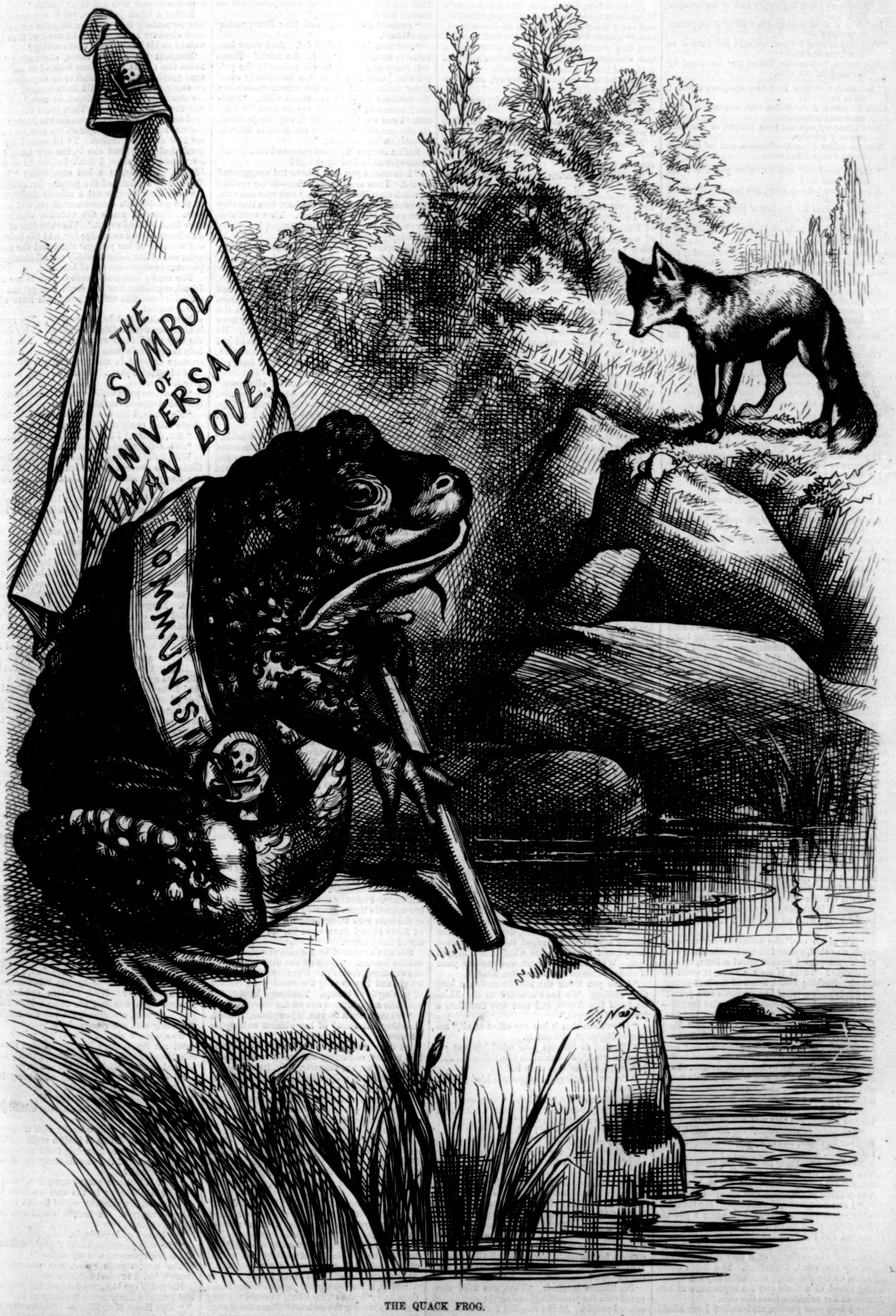
"What will you be helped to in the way of early vegetables?" said M'Donald yesterday to a lady customer. "Lettuce, pray," was the quick reply. M'Donald looked sharply at the lady, and concluded she was a lay preacher, until she pointed to the lettuce basket.

"Didn't you guarantee that that horse wouldn't shy before the discharge of a cannon?" said a cavalry officer to a horse-dealer. "Yes, I did, and I'll stick to it," replied the dealer. "He never shies till after the cannon is fired."

An erring husband, who had exhausted all explanations for late hours, and had no apology ready, recently slipped into the house, about one o'clock, very softly, denuded himself gently, and began rocking the cradle by the bedside, as if he had been awakened out of a sound sleep by infantile cries. He had rocked away for five minutes, when Mary Jane, who had silently observed the whole manœuvre, said, "Come to bed, you fool; the baby ain't there."



A PLEASANT EXCURSION—THE "TALLY-HO" IN FRONT OF THE ST. GEORGE'S HOTEL, PHILADELPHIA.—Drawn by W. P. Snyder.—[See Page 410.]


THE SYMBOL OF UNIVERSAL HUMAN LOVE.
COMMUNIST
Th. Nast

THE QUACK FROG.

Fox. "How can you pretend to prescribe for others, who are unable to heal your own lame gait and wrinkled skin?"

ANENT A STREET CAR.

I am Mistress Janet Dalrymple (ane o' the Glasgow Dalrymples),
An' we're a' o' us weel-spoken folk—a' o' us, gentles an' simples—
Weel able to ding for our ain side, and nane o' us feared for our work:
Just decent, God-fearing bodies, that hae stood by the laws an' the Kirk.

I ken weel that New York isna Glasgow; indeed, I didna expect it;
But I'd heard, i' the States that women were a' o' them deeply respectit.
Now either my ears hae been tentless, or else there is dust i' my e'en,
For the things I hae heard willna sort wi' the half o' the things I hae seen.

"Deeply respectit," indeed! Were you e'er i' the street cars ava?
If sae, an' you had ony heart, you hae wished yoursel further awa;
You hae blushed for the lads o' your race—shiftless an' feckless an' silly,
Sae thochtful an' gude to themsels, to aebody else sae ill-willy.

Sitting glow'ring, or chewing, or maybe sooking the heads o' their canes,
An' some mither standing beside them, fagged out wi' a couple o' weans;
Nae grandmither wi' a gray head can bring them a thocht o' their duty,
An' it isna a bodle they care for either a baby or beauty.

Hech, Sirs! but I gied them a lecture, as I rode i' the cars yestreen
(The men sitting careless an' crabbit, the women-folk *standing* between).
"What sort o' sisters, my men, hae you got? Was it gude women gave you your lives?
If sae, I am thinking you'd show some respect for other men's sisters an' wives."

Then a bonnie bit lassie spak' up—she was bonnie as flowers i' May;
"Dear madam," she said, "I perceive you don't know the young men o' this day.
If you'd studied the delicate creatures, you would cease to worry an' vex.
Let them sit; if you look at their faces, you'll see *they're the weaker sex.*"

I thocht that wad do, an' I said sae, though the men were sulky as night;
But ane braw fellow got up an' spoke: "Ladies, I think you are right.
Thank God! I hae still a gude mither—there's nae better i' a' the land:
It isna John Smith that will sit again, an' let any man's mither stand."

TRAVELLERS ON TWO ROADS.

The train for Pittsburgh was a little late that afternoon. In the drawing-room car rows of tired people speculated on the chances of getting in before dark, or gaped monotonously behind huge newspapers. Indeed, these newspapers were so numerous, so uncompromising, so religiously spread open to the very last rustling fold, so much more conspicuous than the insignificant heads behind them, that it might be supposed every body bound for Pittsburgh had a constitutional objection to being looked at.

There was one seat at the farther end of the car unprotected by any such screen, and its occupant—a lady of rather uncertain age—belonged neither to the speculators nor the gapers. She was lying back in the chair, her eyes wide open, in spite of many vigorous efforts to shut them. The face might be a young face, but, seen with that light, and with the dust of travel upon it, it looked old. There were dark rings under her eyes; a weary, tremulous motion of the lids. Her mouth was the only beautiful feature in her face. It was very sensitive, and curved like a bow.

A letter lay in her lap, directed to Miss Margaret Rowe. She held it open in her fingers, and now and then read parts of it with an air as if the contents were not sufficiently amusing to make it worth reading all at once. At last she sheathed it in its envelope, and again leaned back in her chair, with an expression of semi-desperation.

"It's of no use," she soliloquized; "my eyes won't stay shut, unless I tie my handkerchief over them. Suppose I should growl a little, by way of change? There is such a noise, it won't be heard. Nothing would, short of the last trump. And it is such a relief to hear one's own voice!"

Thereupon issued a series of singular sounds—not exactly groans, not exactly grunts, but having a hybrid character between the two. They were very subdued indeed, caught and drowned by the noise of the train almost before they were out of her mouth. Miss Rowe appeared to find them a relief, to judge by her comical smile. They were very regular also, and, bating a little touch of exasperation, not at all calculated to alarm a timid person.

She varied the performance once by humming a tune to herself, but this was not so satisfactory.

"Too resigned altogether," she murmured, knitting her forehead, and relapsing into the growling state again.

Suddenly something touched her from behind. The concert ceased abruptly. She jumped a little, and then settled back into her chair as if it was nothing in the world that concerned her.

"I was sure that seat was empty," she thought, with much vexation. "It was when I got in. Somebody must have taken it after the train started, and I did not hear him."

Somebody evidently had done so, and not only that, but was evidently of a very charitable, not to say persistent, disposition. The touch came again on her shoulder; simultaneously the wheeling round of a chair and the appearance at her side of her neighbor from the rear.

"I beg your pardon, madam, but I am afraid you are ill."

"Not at all," replied madam, with audacious disregard of truth, glancing up to see what manner of man it was that spoke.

A brown face, brown eyes, brown hair—every thing brown about him, seemingly, except his coat; and every thing—hair, coat, and all—closely cut, closely guarded, as if their owner had no mind that they should reveal any thing about him: a man who seemed to express in a subtle way that it pleased him to puzzle other people.

Margaret was instantly interested, and grew ten times as indifferent as before.

"Not at all," she repeated, calmly, surveying the intruder.

"Then the—the groans I heard were doubtless a remarkable spiritual manifestation?"

A slight twitching round the corners of her mouth. "Oh, I had a headache, I believe. It can't be helped."

"I beg your pardon again, but it can be helped."

She opened her eyes at this confident remark, but would not ask him what he meant.

"I am Dr. Ritchie," he went on—"Dr. Ritchie, of Pittsburgh. It is not likely you ever heard of me before. But you can identify me easily when you get to Pittsburgh if you care to take the trouble. Meanwhile I carry my weapons round with me, and I have some medicine here that will cure your headache."

"I have heard of Dr. Ritchie," answered Margaret, adding, perversely, "I don't know whether I ever heard of you, Sir, or not."

"As much as to say you don't know whether I am Dr. Ritchie or not."

"You may be—you may not. How can I tell?"

"I don't know how, I am sure. It doesn't matter, either."

Miss Rowe thought it did matter, as she watched him fumbling among the bottles in the old black valise. At last he came upon one suited to his mind, extracted from another corner a small drinking glass, and deliberately proceeded to pour out the liquid.

"Does the man really suppose I am going to drink it?" thought Margaret.

As if he had been clairvoyant, Dr. Ritchie looked up and remarked, coolly, "Now you are going to drink this, but first, if you like, I will call the attention of some of your fellow-passengers to the circumstance, so that you may be under their protection the rest of the way."

"No!" exclaimed Margaret, raising herself. He really looked for the moment as if he was going to do what he said. As soon as she spoke he let the mask fall again, and a gleam of satisfied fun looked out of his eyes.

"What made you say that? You did not mean it!" said Miss Rowe, as petulantly as if he had been a ten years' acquaintance instead of a ten minutes'. "And, besides—that is an opiate, is it not?—opiates will not stop my headaches. I have tried them; in fact, I have tried every thing."

"This is not an opiate, and it will cure your headache—that is, if you give it a fair chance. Your mind must be diverted from the pain to other things."

"That is easier said than done. What is going to divert my mind?"

"I am going to talk to you."

"Indeed!"

The "indeed" was so expressive that first Dr. Ritchie laughed, and then Miss Rowe laughed too. He sat for a few minutes idly twirling the glass in his fingers. Every now and then the sun fell upon it; then a flash of light would dart into some remote part of the car, and the nervous passenger upon whom it chanced to fall would start like one of the little hammers in a piano when a key is struck.

"I see you are not yet sure I am what I pretend to be."

"No."

"But you don't find that headache very endurable either?"

"No."

"And so you are going to take this medicine?"

"I suppose so."

He put the glass into her hand, and she drank its contents with a half-defiant, half-resigned air. Then a few minutes' silence, during which she pointed several severe moral reflections against herself, and waited to see what would happen next. What happened next was another piece of clairvoyance on the part of Dr. Ritchie.

"I see you think the transformation a long time coming. We have reverted to the *Thousand and One Nights*, and that was doubtless a bewitched draught."

"I don't see that it has any effect at all," answered Margaret, obdurately.

"Oh, that is because your mind has not yet been diverted. Just mention some cheerful subject, and I will enlarge upon it."

"Prayer-meetings," suggested his patient, promptly.

The doctor's eyes twinkled. "Very good. A howling prayer-meeting in Virginia, for instance. Have you ever attended one?"

"No; I never was in Virginia."

"They may be held wherever there are any colored people of the Methodist persuasion, for aught I know; but the one I saw was near Harper's Ferry."

"I went into a Methodist church once with my brother when we were both little children," said Margaret, speaking with some animation. "We had no idea what they were going to do, and when the 'Amens' began to go up all around we were frightened nearly out of our wits. It was a crazy old building, full of echoes, and the responses were so confused they sounded like groans. We thought half the congregation were taken with the cholera."

Dr. Ritchie laughed. "That was mild compared with the proceedings among the uneducated colored people. At the meeting I attended, half a dozen benches at least were broken up in the course of an hour. I should be sorry to speak disrespectfully of devotional exercises, but really it don't seem to me that jumping up and down as high and fast as one's muscles will permit can be classed under that heading."

"I should think not," said Miss Rowe, rather scandalized.

"But that is what they did. And every hop came to an end with 'Praise the Lord!' There was one young fellow standing close by the pulpit who jumped so high that he actually came down inside of it! But the climax came when the minister stood up to address them. 'Bredren!' screamed he, 'I can see de Lord dis minute. I can see him step to de edge ob de cloud, tip one ear up an' de odder ear down to listen to de cries ob his childern!'"

Such a start as Margaret gave, and such incredulous eyes as looked up at him!

"I do assure you that I have not exaggerated a word. I saw and heard all that—to say nothing of much more like it—with my own eyes and ears. And those people had not the least idea that they were guilty of any irreverence. They were simply praising the Lord, as they thought, in the way most acceptable to Him."

"Acceptable!" ejaculated Margaret. "Why don't somebody go and teach them better?"

"Are you planning to go yourself? Better think twice." It was again the same careless, jesting tone that had made her doubt every word he said at the first. She felt bewildered. Surely there had been a strain of earnestness in it a minute before. But perhaps that had only been assumed to entrap her into the same thing. He should not succeed again, not even though he had succeeded in curing her headache. On the whole, she wished the headache would come back; it would prove him in the wrong.

"You must make a good deal of allowance," coolly continued the enigma who had installed himself as her physician—"allowance, I mean, for their temperament, their Oriental fervor of imagination. It is not like ours."

"Very fortunate that it is not, Dr. Ritchie," answered Margaret, with resolute indifference. She was not sure but she was beginning to feel sleepy. Suddenly a thought struck her that roused her for a moment, and made her feel doubly provoked with herself. As if that were not enough, another piece of clairvoyance from the enigma:

"I fully understand that you don't believe yet that I have any claim to my own name, and that you addressed me by it involuntarily. Let me beg you not to be annoyed by that, but to go to sleep as soon as possible. You will be the better for it when you reach Pittsburgh."

"Very well," she said, not knowing what else to say. Possibly he would not be able to read her thoughts when she was asleep, and had none. It was not strictly true, either, that she disbelieved his statements. He might be Dr. Ritchie—very probably was, her common-sense told her. Almost any other man in the car she would have believed if he had made a similar assertion. But in the case of the problematic doctor, the very atmosphere around him seemed to be unreal. There was a steady keen light in his eyes that might be mockery, or it might be only humor. She doubted whether he meant any thing that he said, whether he was not continually playing with his neighbors, and experimenting upon them even in his lightest words. There are people who get the credit of such mental chemistry whether justly or unjustly. Dr. Ritchie—if that was his name—might deserve it, or it might have been in a manner forced upon him by the pressure of opinion. If a man makes a good joke once or twice, he is supposed to do nothing but joke for evermore. If he plays a part a few times, he is set down as a perpetual actor to the end of his days. Perhaps it might be a little hard sometimes, but who could tell in any particular case whether they were not wasting their pity?

These ideas, or rather these impressions, passed through Margaret's mind vaguely as she lay back in her chair. What a comfort it was to be comfortable! she thought, with more drowsiness than brilliancy. Presently the brown face of her neighbor opposite began to waver before her, the noise of the train grew fainter, and the sleep she coveted fairly settled down upon her for the remainder of the journey.

She was awakened by the cars stopping with a sudden bounce. "Have we run over any body?" she wondered, dreamily. No; they were in Pittsburgh, and it was only the usual jerky method of putting down brakes. The brown hand of her eccentric acquaintance was on her travelling bag.

"Let me carry it for you, if you please," he said, marching out ahead of her without waiting for an answer.

As there was nothing else to do, she followed him meekly, cogitating whether or no he would make off with her property. No, he apparently had no thievish propensities. He restored it to her on the platform, and looked down upon her with the same careless smile on his lips.

"Probably you do not care to tell me your name, and give me the pleasure of prescribing for you again?"

"Probably I don't," thought Margaret, obstinately. Yet she knew that she should like him for an acquaintance; she always liked odd people; but did he think she was going to tell him her name in that unceremonious, school-girlish fashion?

Apparently he did not. "Ah! I see you don't," he added, as if it was part of the same sentence. "And I forgot, you don't know what my name is either. Allow me, then, to wish you good-evening, and express my pleasure over our short railroad acquaintance." He bowed politely, and walked off, not without another amused glance—at what? At the letter she still held in her hand?

"Why, it has been in my lap all the way!" she thought. "Unless he is blind, he could not very well help reading the address a dozen times over. Then he asked me for my name just to see what I would say. I don't believe he has said a word this afternoon with any other motive; I don't believe he has ever said a word in his life to any person whatever with any other motive."

Rather a harsh judgment, yet it was one that was perpetually following her singular acquaintance wherever he went. Did he think of it as he walked to his lonely home that evening?

Margaret too hurried home, alternating between two moods. "We are both of us middle-aged people, and I was foolish to be so particular, so easily vexed. He would have amused papa. No doubt he is Dr. Ritchie, as he says." That was the relenting mood. Then came the skeptical one: "I have always preached to Nellie that she was not to talk to people on the cars, no matter how nice they looked. To be sure, I am a great deal older than she is, but any thing for consistency. Besides, I don't believe he *is* Dr. Ritchie." Finally, as a last conclusion: "Mrs. Wallace is a friend of the genuine Dr. Ritchie; I will get her to give me a minute description of that gentleman's countenance, dress, and manners. That will settle the question whether I have been cheated or not." Then the door of her own home opened to receive her, and the boisterous welcome of her younger sister and the more quiet one of her father speedily put all strangers, pleasant or otherwise, out of her head.

The next evening she walked over to see her friend, cogitating how she could best get the requred information without letting her know why it was wanted.

Mrs. Wallace met her at the door. The rooms behind her were brilliantly lighted. "My dear, the very one I most wanted to see! You must help me entertain some of these people. A dozen or more dropped in unexpectedly, you know—a kind of surprise party. I was just going to send over for you."

"A surprise party without any surprised party?" queried Margaret, laughingly.

"No, really, I did not know there would be a single caller to-night. Why don't you come in?"

"But, dear me! I am not dressed for a party."

"What difference does that make?"

Well, it did not seem to make much, Miss Rowe thought, as she was meekly led in like a lamb to the slaughter, after being divested of her outer wraps.

"Margaret, let me present Dr. Ritchie. Doctor—Miss Rowe, one of my best friends, as you know; you have often heard me speak of her."

Giving them barely time to acknowledge the introduction, she hurried Margaret off to present half a dozen more dear friends. Indeed, every body in the room appeared to be Mrs. Wallace's very dear friend. She was a sunny-hearted little creature, who saw no faults in any body, and consequently drew every body to her, as honey draws bees. Margaret, who was full of antipathies, regarded this evenness of sympathy as one of the wonders of the world. The two had been school-girls together; in spite of great unlikeness, that bond had held them through the marriage of the one and the increasing maturity of the other.

Margaret was not in the least astonished at Dr. Ritchie's appearance; she had felt sure he would find some means to make her acknowledge herself mistaken. Still, when somewhat later in the evening he congratulated her with the gravest of faces on their "accidental" meeting, she did wax indignant.

He looked down into her skeptical eyes. "I see you don't believe it was accidental at all. Yet I told you the truth about my name."

No answer at all.

"Miss Rowe, suppose we should both be unconventional enough to say what we think?"

"Well, then," said Margaret, snatching recklessly at this license, "I think you tell the truth in form, but always with another kind of truth behind it that would change its effect if known. I think you play with facts as a boy plays with marbles."

"And as to this pleasant encounter to-night, you think—"

"I think, Dr. Ritchie, that if you tried to convince a child that the moon was made of green cheese, and the child would not believe you, you would never cease trying till you succeeded."

"After which I would lose all interest in the hypothetical child?"

"After which you would lose all interest, of course."

"My mission in life is, then, in fact, a crusade against skepticism—or against common-sense, you would say? Well, modern opinion pronounces them one and the same. Miss Rowe, your judgment concerning me has the merit of coinciding with every body else's."

Was there a ring of pain in his voice? She could not detect any; it only sounded smooth, calm, semi-satirical. Yet something surely made her feel like apologizing for her words.

"I do not like to coincide with every body else," she answered, decidedly.

"You would rather stand alone?"

"No; I would rather be with the minority—it is nearest truth."

"Granted; but each minority with truth in its hands gradually draws to itself a majority."

"Then the ever-advancing truth passes over into the hands of the new minority which is instantly formed."

"That is rather a seesaw operation," said Dr. Ritchie, laughing. "In the case we have been speaking of, the minority would be too small to please even you. In fact, it would consist of only one person."

She looked up inquiringly.

"The only person who ever thought differently of me from yourself was my mother."

The tone, though grave, was matter-of-fact enough, but it touched her greatly.

His quick eye instantly detected her penitence, and just as quickly took advantage of it.

"Miss Rowe, Mrs. Wallace tells me that your father likes to see company, and needs to be amused. Will you and he kindly admit me to the standing of a neighbor? I live near you, and being quite alone in my own house, should consider it a great favor to be admitted to yours."

"We shall both of us be very glad to see you," replied Margaret, cordially.

The minute she had spoken, something indescribable crossing his face—a light or a shadow, at any rate the expression of a man who is getting his own way—revived all her first distrust of him with double force. Perhaps he had alluded to his mother only to touch her feelings, and was still bent on forcing her to believe in him whether she would or not, or, as she had put it, "to convince the child that the moon was made of green cheese."

There was nothing to be done now; she did not exactly dislike him, but she made up her mind that he should never have her confidence. And in that same minute he had made up his mind that he would have it.

Nevertheless she was unjust: his feeling had been genuine. The penalty of his nature, always following him, was that he should make such use of real things as to persuade every body else that they were unreal.

One can get used to almost any thing. It seemed to her at first that it would be intolerable to have Dr. Ritchie a guest in their house, a friend of the family, if he really was going to persist in treating them all as so many subjects for dissection.

She was mistaken. The uneasiness soon wore off, though there was no better guarantee of his sincerity at the last than at the first. From an occasional visitor he slipped into a regular one. By-and-by he was going in and out of the house like a tame cat, especially evenings, when his professional duties were over. Yet she never believed that he had any genuine warm-hearted interest in them; it was only a device to make her believe it, and sometimes she smiled to think how impossible that was. He amused and interested her old father; that was a great thing in his favor. Yes, and she was perfectly willing to acknowledge that he amused and interested her too. About once a month he would skillfully weave an argumentative net to entrap her into saying that she trusted him. She always broke through it with an emphatic negative. Yet at such times she would think, with much quiet amusement, how easily she could put an end to the acquaintance, if only she could bring herself to equivocate a little! Give Dr. Ritchie his triumph, and she felt sure they would soon see the last of him. He was neglecting his profession a good deal, too, in order to spend so much time at their house. What a pity that was!

So two years went by, and then one day the doctor in a very matter-of-fact way asked Miss Rowe to marry him. This did not astonish her either; she had rather expected him to use it as a last expedient. She said "No" very promptly indeed, and wondered what he would do next. But he did not relinquish this point as easily as she expected.

"Why do you give me such an answer?" he demanded, like an injured man. "You have not said that you do not care for me."

"No need to say it when I tell you that I do not believe in you. You are a perpetual actor, and the world is your stage."

"Then you do not believe that I love you?"

"No, I do not believe it. You may think you do."

"What will make you believe in me? I have tried my own way; now tell me yours, and I will try that."

His face and voice were both so earnest that they startled her, till she remembered what an actor he was.

"Well, I hardly know," she replied, deliberately. "If you were once so thoroughly in earnest as to forget yourself, it would be something. If I knew of some generous, self-sacrificing thing you had done, without other people's knowledge, I suppose I should be more ready to trust you. And if I could see you in some thoroughly ridiculous position, disconcerted and helpless like common people, with all your defenses down, I might be still more ready to trust you."

"Not very easy conditions to comply with."

"I never expected you to comply with them."

So the subject dropped. The doctor still came and went, but seemed to have abandoned his fruitless project. There were no more word traps set to catch her. Then, as was natural, she began to feel a little more confidence in him. The mere fact that he remained their friend after finding that he could not have his own way had considerable weight.

About this time there was a change in their servants, one of them leaving to be married, and a new girl coming in her place. This girl, whose name was Molly, had not been in the house three days before some one chanced to mention Dr. Ritchie's name before her. It was like the pulling of a shower-bath. Molly dropped the duster, and almost dropped herself in her astonishment. Did they know the good doctor, then, who had been her benefactor when she hadn't a friend in the world?—who had found her when her mother was almost dead of a fever, and the children were starving, and her father could get no work? Did they know how he had cured her mother and fed the children? how he had got her a place where she could learn house-work, and found a situation for her father? how he had never forgotten them, till even the baby, which was so starved and thin, was now as plump and pretty a baby as could be seen in the whole city?

And so on, an hour or more; indeed, Molly would never have stopped as long as she could get any body to listen to her. There was no doubting her sincerity. She was a pretty-faced, shy little Irish girl, who was speaking out of her very heart.

Margaret thought with a curious thrill that here was the first of the conditions she had named fulfilled. Would the other one be, too? Yes, and with marvellous rapidity.

Happening to look out of the window one laborers' holiday, a confused, angry sound rose from the upper end of the street. It grew louder, grew nearer, resolved itself into a semi-mob of excited malcontents rushing through the streets vociferating curses against their employers. And there, in the very heart of this rabble, his hat missing, his immaculate collar rumpled, his face all red with exertion—there, of all men in the world, was Dr. Ritchie. He certainly looked disconcerted and embarrassed enough to satisfy any body.

Margaret almost jumped in her astonishment. Here was condition number two met.

She was very uneasy at first for his personal safety. He seemed to be trying to restrain the mob from further mischief, and in consequence was receiving some rather rough usage at their hands. But a messenger dispatched later in the day reported that the doctor had reached his own home without serious injury, though much bruised and battered.

He did not come to see them that night, nor the next. When at last he was well enough to make his appearance, there were a few hours in which Margaret's thankfulness for his safety lulled to rest the old uneasy suspicion.

Before those hours had passed he asked her again to be his wife, and she consented. Three months afterward they were married in a very quiet way, and, dispensing with any wedding tour, began housekeeping in the same cozy establishment where the doctor had so long presided alone.

Margaret never asked herself now if she believed in her husband. She knew that she loved him, and kept the other question out of sight. But very often he would ask her of his own accord, "Margaret, you trust me now?" And then, though she always answered "Yes," dutifully, her lips trembled, and a troubled light came into her eyes. Had he succeeded in making the child believe that the moon was made of green cheese? If so, he still loved it as dearly as ever. A year of married life made no difference. Yet sometimes the old curious, half-mocking smile would come back to his lips, the old unreal ring to his voice. It was in these moods that he always asked her if she trusted him, never if she loved him. There was no need of that.

"I wish you would not ask me the same question so many times," she said once, almost petulantly. "Should I have married you if I had not believed you? As far as I know, you have never deceived me. I have asked your pardon half a dozen times for having suspected you of it. Are you such an inveterate Indian that you can't forgive and forget?"

"So you have," he said, laughing. "No, I have never deceived you. But supposing I had done just what you once told me I did—used one truth and left another truth in the background, not harmfully or maliciously, but simply because it was not suited to my purposes?"

She was looking at him very earnestly. How earnestly, he did not perceive; his heedless mood was upon him.

"You remember the two conditions you once made?"

"Yes."

"I really helped those people in good faith long before I knew you; I really tried my best to restrain that mob; but I brought both cases purposely to your knowledge."

Blind, even to the last moment, that he did not see the change in his wife's face.

"It was for love of you, sweet one," he went on, gayly. "See, I have done what I said I would. I have had my own way, and yet my interest has not ceased. You told me once that it would, you know. Will you give me absolution, little wife? Why, Margaret!"

He might well exclaim, for her face was white, and her eyes looked at him as if in all the world of phantoms there was none so unreal as himself.

"Why, Margaret, there was no sin in it. Both your conditions were genuinely, honestly fulfilled."

"How can I know that?" she answered, in a low, dull tone. "How can I ever know what is true or what is untrue about you to the end of the world?"

He took her in his arms, frightened at her pain; she made no resistance. He stroked her face and hair as if she had been a little child, and she submitted to it all, even smiled tenderly when he told her how sorry he was to have troubled her. Such happiness as he could take in her love she gladly gave him; there was something of more value than that had gone out of his reach forever.

It was days and months before he would acknowledge this. Again and again he asked the same old question, "Don't you trust me yet?"—asked it with hope at first, then more falteringly, till at last the words died on his lips before the drooping, sad face that was the only answer.

Yet she accused him of nothing; she knew herself to be by nature a born skeptic, even as he was a born actor. Most unfortunately the two had come together. He was always using his own thoughts, impressions, feelings, as delicate instruments to pry into other people's mental anatomy. Naturally those who discovered this lost all confidence in the genuineness of such feelings. He was a man misjudged, but himself provoked all the misjudgment.

The little household grew graver, grew sadder; the two heads of it carried a burdensome pain; but children grew up happily, nevertheless. When their little girl was born, the doctor, holding her in his arms, put the old question in a humbler form: "You trust me a little more, don't you?" And the patient lips answered, "A little." Three years after another daughter came, and again he asked the same thing. There came the same answer: "A little."

He never questioned her again. After that, silence fell between them on the one sore spot of their lives. But when, many years later than the other children, a boy was born to them, the doctor's eyes flashed with a new, hopeful light, seeing perhaps a distant triumph when the life of the child should make plainer the life of the father.

That day of triumph was very near at hand. The boy was not two years old when a dangerous fever ravaged the neighborhood. Dr. Ritchie fought it as one fights fire, and was struck down by it himself at last.

When he knew that he had only an hour to live, he looked at the kneeling figure beside him. "Little wife, people who are dying get credit for their words. It is a long time since mine have had any meaning for you. Yet I have loved you fully and deeply; I have tried to do what I could for the world. Tell me that you believe that, even if you can not believe me."

The shadow of the solemn witness to whose name he appealed was on his face. Looking still at that shadow, she whispered, "I do believe it, and I believe you."

But in that presence, and with the last breath still fluttering on his lips, the old mirthful mockery of the man asserted itself, ineradicable to the last.

"Margaret, how do you know but I am only shamming death?" he murmured. And for one sickening moment she did not know it. Then the shadows closed over him; the witness Death was there in silent confirmation of what had been spoken.

Two other witnesses were there also. One, the still face from which all that was baffling, discordant, untrue, had passed away like a dream, leaving the story of a true heart to be read upon it. The other, the face of a two-year-old boy, who clung to Margaret's knee and looked up at her with his father's eyes.

Through childhood, boyhood, manhood, those eyes looked into hers, in their unquestionable childish sincerity making plain the dark places of another life—making them plain with an almost pathetic brightness, since he so inherited his father's nature that the time might come when he also could say, looking back to childhood, "No one but my mother ever knew me."

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

A PROPOSITION has been made to form a company, to be called the "American Manufacturers' Brazilian Export Company of New York," for the purpose of increasing the export trade to Brazil. The name of the company is long, but the object good. The design is to erect an exhibition building for American products in Rio Janeiro. Wherever American manufactures are exhibited they receive approval and are sold. Consequently this design, if wisely carried out, will doubtless be successful as to its main object.

The steam-ship *City of Rio de Janeiro*, of the new Brazilian line, recently left Brooklyn on her first trip to Rio Janeiro. She carried about forty passengers, and a large and varied cargo of flour, lard, paper, resin, beer, tacks and nails, and numerous other articles.

A conclusion to which the people of St. Louis have arrived is that work-houses are better than soup-houses.

A warm discussion has been going on for some time between public authorities, private citizens, and newspapers in regard to city *odors*. Now, to a certain extent, this is all a matter of taste—we mean of smell. If a man likes the perfume of boiling bones or melting soap-fat, of course he has a perfect right to say so, and to continue his likings. But he has no right to insist that soap-fat smells like violets, and to thrust it under every body's olfactories. Odors that are nauseating are unwholesome, without the slightest doubt; and if one or several persons are able to endure them, that by no means proves that they are safe or healthful to the majority. Men who are color-blind are not, except by mistake, employed to regulate the signals on a railway. No more should those who are deficient in keen perceptions in regard to uncleanliness, disagreeable and noxious odors, and nuisances of similar nature, be placed in positions of responsibility where their natural defects interfere with the comfort and well-being of a whole community.

It is said that the doctors of medicine have never quite forgiven Mr. Charles O'Conor for having so thoroughly recovered from a complication of diseases which were declared to be of necessity fatal. When questioned as to the cause of his unexpected recovery, as the long-time patient often is, he laughingly ascribes it to his unwillingness to take the prescriptions given him by the M.D.'s.

May 6 was notable as the day of the largest receipt of grain ever known at this port. A million and a half bushels were brought in, a large proportion coming by canal.

Professional gamblers are said to have established themselves at certain prominent hotels in this city, where they live in a free, luxurious style, and use all attractive devices to get the rich and unwary into their confidence, and to swindle them.

It is somewhat remarkable that no accident was reported in Paris on the opening day of the Exhibition, although no less than 500,000 persons visited the Champ de Mars and the Trocadéro. The grand cascade in front of the central hall of the Trocadéro Palace contains over 30,000 cubic yards of excavation and masonry, and cost £24,800. During the Exhibition a telegraph and postal bureau will be established in the buildings of the Exhibition. Only such persons as have cards or have paid their entrance into the Exhibition will have access to this bureau. The Grande Salle des Fêtes of Fine Arts on the Trocadéro is ninety-four feet in height, and will be lighted by 4000 gas-burners.

The Main Building of the Paris Exhibition, in the Champ de Mars, is of iron and glass, the roof being half of glass and half of slate, with awnings beneath the glass to soften the light. It covers an area of 270,900 square yards, and lengthwise it has twelve principal avenues, six of them belonging to France and six to foreign countries. England has 21,826 square meters of space; other nations a much less amount, in the following order: Belgium, Austria and Hungary, Russia, Italy; and the United States next, having 4980 square meters. Other countries have still less space. The river Seine separates the Main Building from the Trocadéro Palace, on the hill opposite the Champ de Mars, the Bridge of Jena being the passageway between. The Trocadéro is a permanent structure of stone, in semicircular form, its central portion being a huge hall, where musical and other entertainments will be held during the Exhibition.

The casts of the Crawford doors, the originals of which are in the Capitol at Washington, have been arranged in the art gallery of Amherst College.

A proposition has been made to erect a suitable monument to the memory of Charlotte Cushman upon her grave in Mount Auburn Cemetery. At present the place of her interment is marked by a small white stone bearing her name on the surface. Many admirers of the deceased artiste desire that a more fitting memorial should commemorate her genius and noble life.

Mario, the singer, is described in the Paris *Figaro* as a fine old man, with long white beard, whose seventy odd years have not lessened his vivacity. He is a general favorite in Rome, where he is the proprietor of a good house on the Corso. The report that he is very poor is incorrect. At the time of the funeral of the late king, when some one proposed to him to let the eleven windows of his façade at the price of 1000 francs each, he refused, and said he preferred seeing them occupied by his friends.

The celebrated thorough-bred race-horse Leamington recently died at Chestnut Hill, Philadelphia, to the great regret of his owner and all admirers of noble horses. He was twenty-five years old, and a few moments before his death appeared to be in robust health. Apoplexy, or rupture of the heart, was supposed to be the immediate cause of his death.

Steam-ships leaving this port for Europe are now crowded with tourists, who plan to combine general sight-seeing in Great Britain and on the Continent with special investigation of the beautiful and curious at the Exposition.

A pair of chimpanzees have been transferred from the New York Aquarium to the Zoological Garden in Philadelphia, where they will be the centre of attraction during the coming season. These curiosities are supposed to be about four years old, and were captured on the Gaboon River, near the equator, on the western coast of Africa.

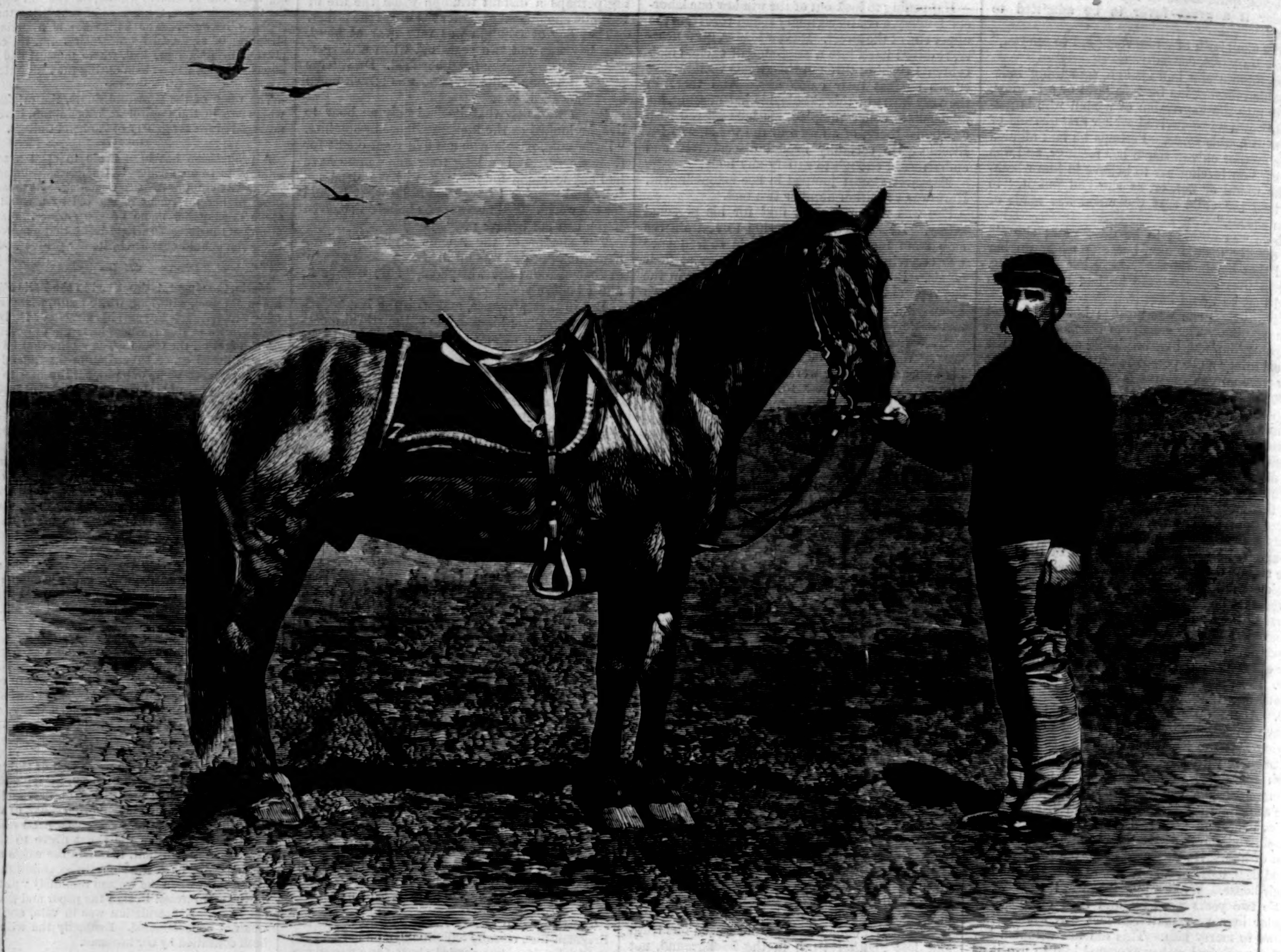
Women have some powers as well as rights—a fact which a certain real estate firm in Springfield, Massachusetts, discovered recently. The firm had effected the sale of a farm in a neighboring town, of which its owner had authorized the disposal. After drawing up the necessary papers the agent drove to the place, about ten miles distant, to obtain the wife's signature to the deed. There was some little exhibition of wrath and chagrin when the woman resolutely "put her foot down" and refused to sign the paper and give up her old home. Expostulation was in vain, and the sale was not consummated. Evidently the wife had not been consulted by her husband.

A Portland (Maine) paper gives the following item in regard to a well-known summer resort: "The title to Hog Island, otherwise known as Appledore, one of the Isles of Shoals, has been brought in question. The State of Maine notifies the Messrs. Laighton, who occupy this island, that it has had an offer for the island, and requests the gentlemen named to appear at Augusta and prove their title. The Messrs. Laighton have occupied this island since about 1851, and have upon it a fine summer hotel. Their property there is estimated to be worth $250,000. They possess their title through descendants of Samuel Haley, who received his title from the Massachusetts Colonial Legislature."

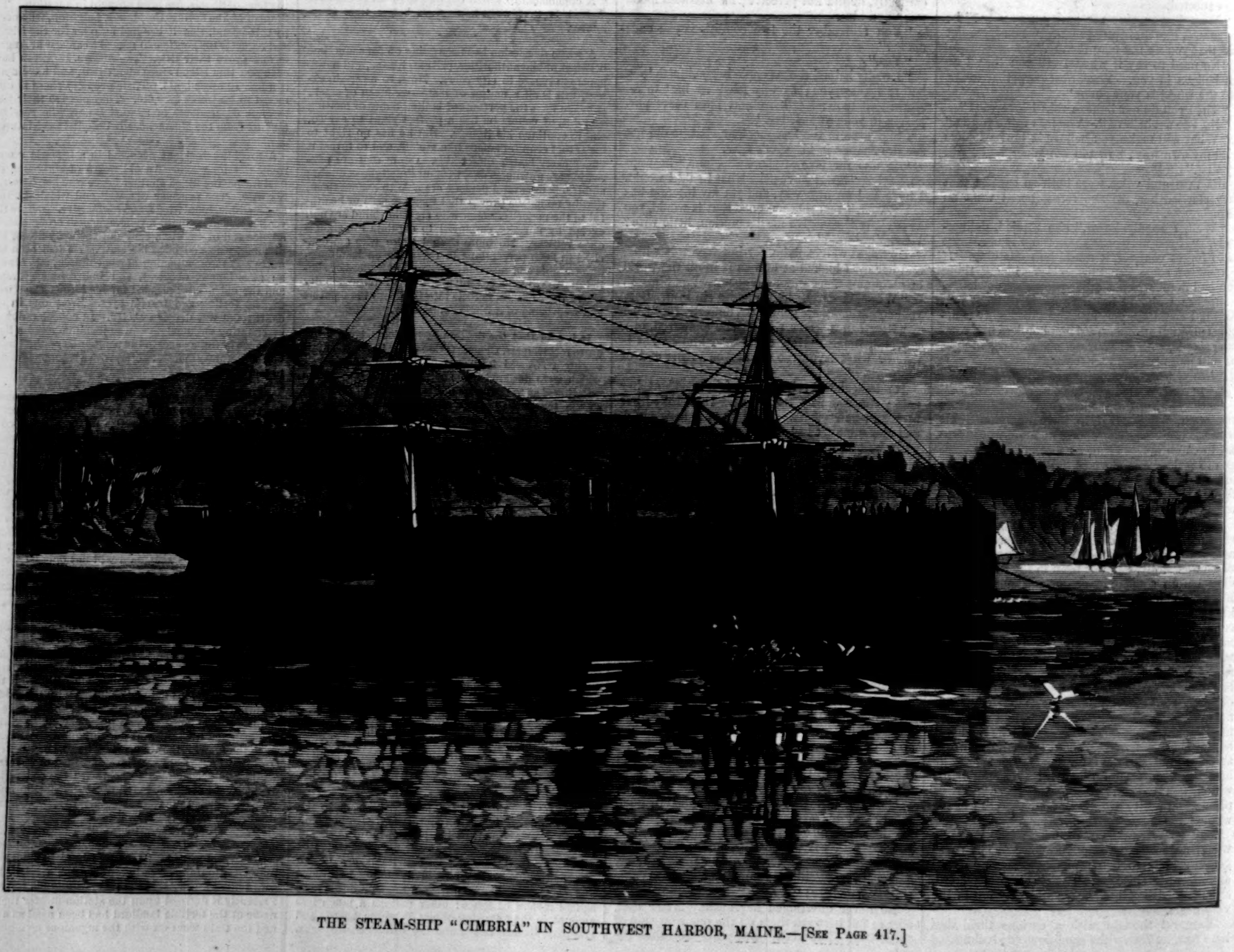
A touching incident occurred in a Georgia court-room not long ago. An old negro of sixty was on trial for having killed another negro who had insulted his wife. The prisoner was well and widely known as peaceable, industrious, and inoffensive. Before the verdict was announced a venerable man arose, and, in a voice full of emotion, spoke of the early life of the prisoner, who had been his slave. He had been the nurse and the companion of his children, and always an affectionate, obedient, and industrious servant; and the old master pleaded for his former slave with earnest feeling and tearful eyes. Every one in the court-room was deeply affected. In consideration of extenuating circumstances, the judge imposed a light sentence of three years in the penitentiary—the verdict being voluntary manslaughter, with a recommendation to mercy.

There are, we suppose, many theatres, opera-houses, and other buildings where large gatherings occur, which are provided with extra doors, to be used in emergencies of fire or panic. The *Evening Post* makes a wise suggestion in regard to these exits—that they all be thrown open at the close of every evening's performance, no matter how small the audience may be. If these safety exits are habitually kept closed, their location is unknown to the majority of the audience, and in a panic the crowd would inevitably rush to the ordinary doors, with which they were familiar. But if all available doors are habitually thrown open, the knowledge of this safeguard will not only be a comfort at all times, but will tend to allay the blind terror which comes with the alarm of fire, and be of infinite value in times of emergency.

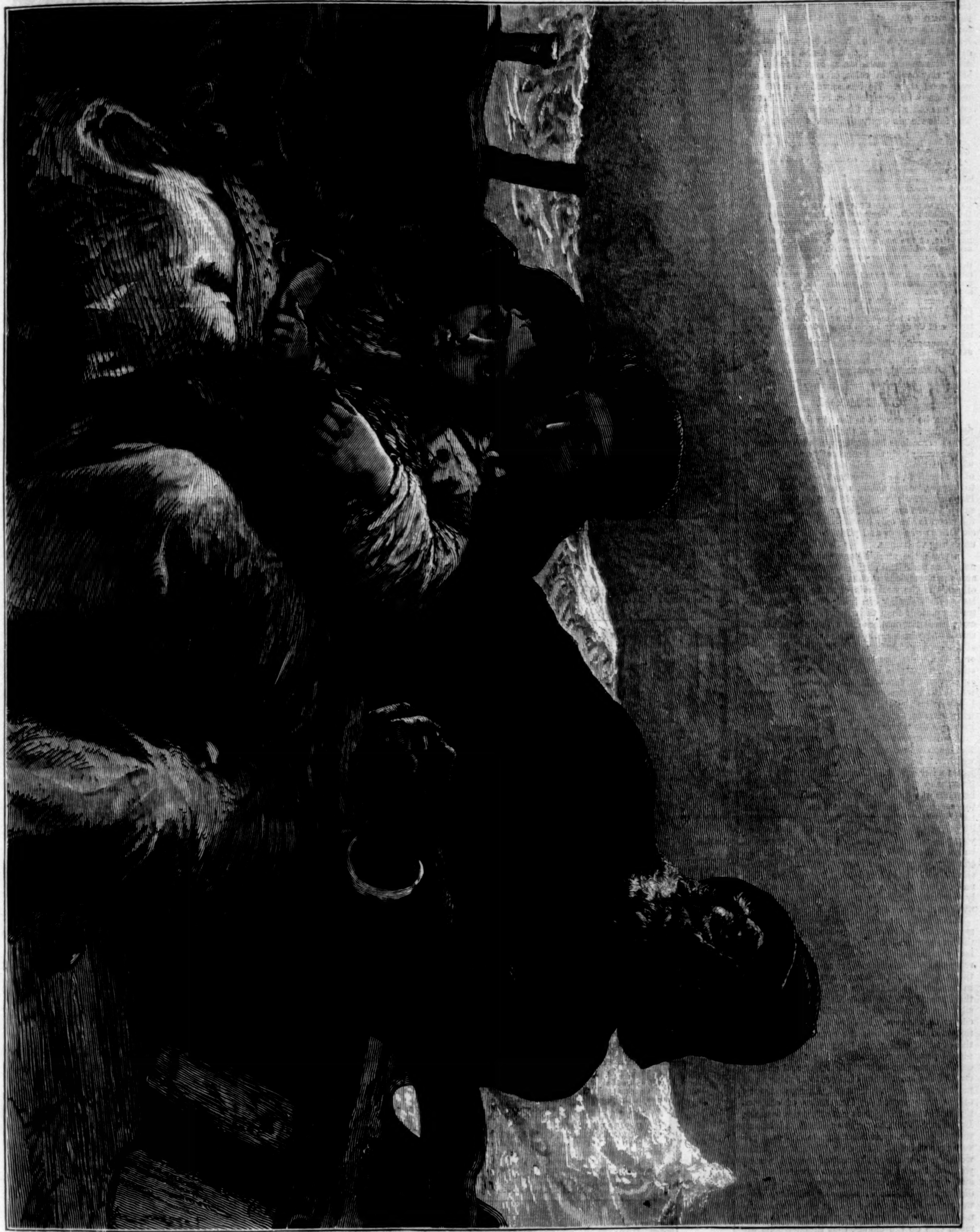
The *Court Journal* records one of the many stories current about the late Lord Leitrim: "Close by his lordship's house is a small railway, leading to the main Dublin line. One day, as a train was about to start, the station-master observed at some distance a man who was waving his hat and shouting with the evident intention of stopping the train. But the time was up, and the station-master could not delay. The whistle sounded, and the train was moving out of the station, when the man on the road called out, 'Lord Leitrim! Lord Leitrim!' Lord Leitrim was a man of autocratic habits, and accustomed to rule with the rod of iron. At the sound of this dreaded name the station-master at once signalled the train to stop. It returned to the platform to await the arrival of his lordship. Seeing the train stop, the man in the road leisurely walked into the station, opened the door of a second-class carriage, and got in. 'Where is Lord Leitrim?' said the station-master, peering down the road. 'I am sure I don't know,' said the man, wiping his forehead. Presently it dawned upon the station-master that the name of the terrible landlord had been used as a lure, and the train went off with the ingenious commoner."



"COMANCHE."—Photographed by O. S. Goff, Fort A. Lincoln, Dakota Territory.—[See Page 417.]



THE STEAM-SHIP "CIMBRIA" IN SOUTHWEST HARBOR, MAINE.—[See Page 417.]



THE "TOILERS OF THE SEA"—THE FIRST VOYAGE.—[By A. T. Emslie.]

THE "TOILERS OF THE SEA."

The shapeless craft rides steady on the billows;
Upon the helm firm lies the sinewy hand;
Soft rests the childish head a child's heart pillows;
And softly fades the dim and shadowy land.
Hark! the plashing of the waters;
Hark! the piteous sound of childish sighs.
Yonder lie the dreary cabin quarters;
Yonder gleams the light of mother eyes—
Eyes that look toward the sea
Weakly, faintly, wearily.

The old man has no smile to greet his treasures,
Those dainty gems of childhood set in truth,
So pure of heart, and pleased with simple pleasures,
Clothed in the glorious panoply of youth.
O'er their heads no star is gleaming;
Children they of "toilers of the sea;"
Tears from widowed eyes in anguish streaming
Point toward the future that may be—
Point toward their destiny,
Victims of the mighty sea.

Rugged and set and stern, the aged features
Turn toward the misty realms of space;
Alas! for what did He design His creatures—
He whose own hand hath given to each his place?
Hark! the moaning of the ocean;
Hark! the sounds of mourning round a grave.
Deep he lies beneath the waves' commotion,
His own son that he had died to save—
Died as an old man dieth,
When low in peace he lieth.

Happy are they who leave their dead behind them!
But these must live beside the treacherous wave,
While every hour its mournful dirge reminds them
The deep they toil upon is but a grave.
The glance of childish eyes is filled with longing;
The brow of age is furrowed o'er with care;
The widowed heart with bitter memories thronging
Is bowed beneath the anguish of despair—
Victims of their destiny,
Toilers of the mighty sea.

THE "CIMBRIA."

On the preceding page we give a picture of the mysterious steam-ship *Cimbria*, which lately put into Southwest Harbor, Maine, where she still lies at the time of writing, and whose character and mission have been subject to so many surmises and speculations. Every thing points to the suspicion that she is intended for operations against English merchantmen in case of war with Great Britain; but up to this time the utmost vigilance of newspaper correspondents has failed to penetrate the mystery that surrounds the intentions of her commander or the Russian government in regard to her future destination and movements. All that is really known is that she is a chartered German steam-ship, that she sailed from a Russian port, and that she has a large number of steerage passengers on board who bear a remarkable resemblance to Russian sailors, while her first-class passengers are evidently naval officers. They are all very courteous and polite, but they can not be interviewed with success. The British consul who has been sent to watch the movements of this mysterious vessel meets, apparently, with no better fortune, and he is described as walking up and down the harbor pier in a most lonely and disconsolate manner, as the people fraternize with the "passengers" who go ashore, in spite of their inability to speak English, and are inclined to make sport of the anxious consul.

"COMANCHE."

"Comanche," the only survivor of the Custer massacre, man or beast, is the subject of an interesting order by General S. D. Sturgis, commandant of Fort A. Lincoln. "Comanche" was ridden by Captain Keogh, for whom Fort Keogh, General Miles's head-quarters in the Yellowstone

Valley, was named. The old war-horse, now twenty-one years of age, escaped from the battle-field with seven bullets in his body. He was found in a ravine helpless. Being recognized as Keogh's horse, he was raised up and tenderly cared for. He fully recovered, and is now honored with special attention at Fort Lincoln. He is a "clay-bank" in color, of medium size, and very good style. He has served with the regiment since its organization in 1866. There is only one other horse in the Seventh of equal rank. The following is General Sturgis's order:

Head-quarters Seventh U. S. Cavalry,
Fort A. Lincoln, D. T., *April* 10, 1878.

General Orders No. 7.

I. The horse known as 'Comanche' being the only survivor or living representative of the bloody tragedy of the Little Big Horn, June 25, 1876, his kind treatment and comfort should be a matter of pride and solicitude on the part of every member of the Seventh Cavalry, to the end that his life may be prolonged to the utmost limit. Wounded and scarred as he is, his very existence speaks in terms more eloquent than words of the desperate struggle against overwhelming numbers, of the hopeless conflict, and of the heroic manner in which *all went down* on that fatal day.

II. The commanding officer of Company I will see that a special and comfortable stall is fitted up for him, and he will not be ridden by any person whatever, under any circumstances, nor will he be put to any kind of work.

III. Hereafter, upon all occasions of ceremony (of mounted regimental formation), 'Comanche,' saddled, bridled, draped in mourning, and led by a mounted trooper of Company I, will be paraded with the regiment.

By command of Brevet Major-General S. D. Sturgis, Colonel Seventh Cavalry.

[Signed] Ernest A. Garlington,
First Lieutenant and Adjutant Seventh Cavalry.

THE MOON.

Every body accords to the sun the privilege of regulating the course of the seasons. Their majestic alternations harmonize well with the march of a heavenly body that constantly meets our eyes with the same invariable aspect. But changes of the weather, so unexpected and frequent, seem to require, people think, a more variable origin. If we consider the daily vicissitudes of rain and sunshine, of fogs, winds, clear skies, and clouds, the moon is the only heavenly body whose rapid alterations of form and position answer to such unceasing variations.

In truth, the moon's course does really offer numerous periodical changes, without taking into account anomalous events, such as eclipses and others. If the weather's caprices are more or less periodical, they can hardly be richer in contrasted periods than the moon herself is. Moreover, prediction-makers have the additional resource of lunistices, when the moon is stationary; of the epochs when her declination is either north or south, when she crosses the equator or the ecliptic, when she is on the same side of the equator as the sun, or on the opposite side. Note well that all these circumstances really have some influence on the ebbing and flowing of the sea; whence, sailors do not fail to conclude, they also influence the tides of our aerial ocean.

If we accepted literally every lunar prejudice, the moon would rule many things besides the weather. Madmen and lunatics would be subject to her power. There are veterinary surgeons who say that the sight of certain horses becomes dim or clear according to the phases of the moon. Woodmen insist that if trees are felled with a waning moon, the wood will speedily decay. Housewives declare that if you kill your pig, as you ought, with a crescent moon, the bacon will swell nicely in the boiling; if, on the contrary, when she is in the wane, it will shrivel, shrink, and be hard and good for nothing. Finally, all sailors in a mass, except the most highly educated officers, attribute every change of weather to the moon. Why? Nobody knows.

It is exactly because prejudices are beyond the reach of discussion that it is so difficult to bring them to reason. Natural philosophers have perfectly explained the phenomena attributed to the red moon, which are really caused by the state of the atmosphere. Gardeners, nevertheless, persist in making the red moon (the lunation between the Paschal and the Pentecostal moons) responsible for the morning frosts which frequently occur at that season. But the ancients never entertained the idea that the moon's phases were the cause of changes in the weather; it was Jupiter's privilege to assemble the clouds and to dart the thunder-bolts. The lucky and unlucky days of the lunar month belong to astrology, and not to meteorology. Bouvard, Arago, and many others have proved, by long series of observations, that the moon does not affect the weather. Labor in vain! The majority of sailors interpret the moon's age, each according to his own private rule of belief. The only effectual refutation would be to strike at the root of the evil in early youth, and make school-children repeatedly recite and copy truthful sentences, such as: "It is ridiculous to believe in sorcerers, witches, were-wolves, and red moons;" "It is not true that the new moon changes the weather, that the full moon eats up the clouds, that thunder-bolts are made of stone;" and other items of the vulgar creed. Accurate knowledge of facts might thus be promoted by a catechism of things not to be believed.

FURNITURE.

The best place to buy furniture is at Degraaf & Taylor's, Nos. 47 and 49 West 14th St. See advertisement on last page.—[*Com.*]

Burnett's Cocoaine is the best and cheapest Hair Dressing in the world. It kills dandruff, allays irritation, and promotes a healthy growth of the Hair.—[*Com.*]

Hearing Restored.—Great invention by one who was deaf for 20 years. Send stamp for particulars. Verry & Harper, Lock Box 80, Madison, Ind.—[*Com.*]

NATURAL SELECTION.

Investigators of natural science have demonstrated beyond controversy, that throughout the animal kingdom the "survival of the fittest" is the only law that vouchsafes thrift and perpetuity. Does not the same principle govern the commercial prosperity of man? An inferior cannot supersede a superior article. Illustrative of this principle are the family medicines of R. V. Pierce, M.D., of Buffalo, N. Y. By reason of superior merit, they have outrivalled all other medicines. Their sale in the United States alone exceeds one million dollars per annum, while the amount exported foots up to several hundred thousand more. No business could grow to such gigantic proportions and rest upon any other basis than that of merit. It is safe to say that no medicine or combination of medicines yet discovered equals or can compare with Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, for the cure of coughs, colds, and all pulmonary and blood affections. If the bowels be constipated and liver sluggish, his Purgative Pleasant Pellets will give prompt relief; his Favorite Prescription will positively, perfectly, and permanently cure those weaknesses and "dragging-down" sensations peculiar to females. In the People's Common Sense Medical Adviser, an illustrated work of nearly one thousand pages, the Doctor has fully discussed the principles that underlie health and sickness. Price $1 50, post-paid. Adapted to old and young, single and married. Address R. V. Pierce, M.D., World's Dispensary and Invalids' Hotel, Buffalo, N. Y.—[*Com.*]

ADVERTISEMENTS.

FRAGRANT SOZODONT FOR THE TEETH

SOZODONT is a delicate Aromatic Dentifrice, and should be used by every person who values a sound set of teeth. It imparts a delightful fragrance to the Breath, and prevents the gums from becoming soft and spongy. Eminent Dentists and Physicians both in America and Europe have endorsed it. Sold by Druggists everywhere.

KURTZ Portraits,
MADISON SQUARE.
BRANCH:
Old Post-Office Building,
Nassau Street.

"THE EAGLE CLAW."
The best Trap in the World for catching
FISH, ANIMALS & GAME.
One bait will catch Twenty Fish.
No. 1, for ordinary fishing, small game, &c. 35c.
No. 2, for large fish, mink, musk-rats, &c. 75c.
Sent by mail. Send two 3-cent stamps
Sole Mfrs., for Catalogue of Fishing-Tackle, Base Ball, and Sporting Goods.
FISH & SIMPSON, 132 Nassau Street, N. Y.

WINDOW SHADES.
BUY OF THE MANUFACTURERS.
LACE SHADES, elegant, cheap, and durable.
GOLD BAND SHADES in great variety.
PLAIN SHADES, all kinds and colors.
STORE SHADES made and lettered to order.
FIXTURES, Cornices, Tassels, & Cord.
TABLE and STAIR OIL-CLOTHS, &c.
Correspondence Invited.
JAY C. WEMPLE & CO.,
444 & 446 Pearl St., N. Y.
Factory, Fourth Avenue and Baltic Street, Brooklyn.

REVOLVER FREE.—Seven-shot Revolver, with box cartridges. Address J. Bown & Son, 136 & 138 Wood St., Pittsburg, Pa.

THE PRESIDENT LAWN MOWER.

The most beautiful and perfect Mower ever offered. Eight sizes for hand use, at prices **from $10 upwards**. Acknowledged in Europe and the United States to be the Lawn Mower *par excellence*. *Easily operated, noiseless*, and for *beauty* and evenness of work it cannot be excelled. We warrant every machine. Don't buy any other till you see this Mower. A splendid assortment always on hand.

CARR & HOBSON,
47 Cliff Street, New York.

DRY GOODS!
BY MAIL OR EXPRESS.
Sent to any part of the United States by
JORDAN, MARSH & CO.,
of Boston the Largest and Oldest Dry Goods House in New England. We are now offering our immense stock at retail, at prices lower than were ever quoted at wholesale before the War. These unparalleled bargains have crowded our immense stores with customers from all parts of New England, and we desire every one in the Middle, Western and Southern States to take advantage of these the greatest bargains ever offered in America. Send at once for our new catalogue, complete in every detail of description and price.
JORDAN, MARSH & CO.,
Mention this paper. Boston, Mass., U.S.A.

VIREÜN (School for Boys),
Sing Sing, N. Y.
Ninety-two Pupils to West Point and Annapolis in last seven years. Preparation for College or Scientific Schools equally thorough. For Catalogue, send to
Col. H. C. SYMONDS (late U. S. Army), Principal.

PRICES
$2.50 to $6,000.
SETH THOMAS
CLOCKS
RUN WELL. WEAR WELL.
KEEP GOOD
TIME.

MINTON'S ART AND ENAMELED TILES
China Works, Stoke-upon-Trent.
Also, The CAMPBELL BRICK & TILE Co's
Encaustic and Geometrical Floor Tiles, Mosaics, &c.
THOS. ASPINWALL & SON,
604 BROADWAY, NEW YORK,
The only representatives in the United States for the above firms.

C. STEHR, Manufacturer of Meerschaum Pipes & Cigar Holders. Wholesale and retail. Send for Circular and Price-List. 347 Broome St., N. Y. Medal awarded at Centennial, 1876.

TAPE WORM
Infallibly Cured with two spoons of medicine in 2 or 3 hours. For particulars, address, with stamp, to
H. EICHHORN, No. 4 St. Mark's Place, New York.

25 CARDS, 25 styles, 10c.; or, 20 Chromo Cards, 20c., with name. J. B. HUSTED, Nassau, N. Y.

SILVER TEA SPOONS. *AT MANUFACTURER'S COST PRICES.*
We can supply the readers of this paper, if desired, at a price much lower *than any jeweler pays for them at wholesale.*
FOR 75 CENTS which covers the cost of the spoons, as well as postage and packing, we will send by mail prepaid, *ONE SET OF 6 QUADRUPLE TEA SPOONS IN CASE, finely and heavily plated* with PURE NICKLE and COIN SILVER, on a new metal, called ALFENIDE, which is very similar to the finest English white steel. It contains NO *brass* or *German silver* in its composition, and consequently *no poison* or disagreeable taste. Are very strong and will wear for years. Two sets $1.25.
We shall not furnish these goods to the trade, consequently they cannot be supplied by any other manufacturer or dealer. We also make of same quality, Table Spoons, 6 for $1.25; Forks, 6 for $1.25; Table Knives, balanced, solid steel handle and blade, tripple plate, 6 for $2. Address
N. F. JONES, ASHLAND, MASS.

KINGSFORD'S
OSWEGO STARCH
Is perfectly Pure, Uniform, and Stronger than any other.
IS THE BEST AND MOST ECONOMICAL IN THE WORLD.

GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.
EPPS'S
(BREAKFAST)
COCOA.
Sold only in Packets labelled
JAMES EPPS & CO.,
HOMŒOPATHIC CHEMISTS,
LONDON.

PIANOS May 1st, we transfer our Office and Warerooms FROM 810 Broadway TO our Factory, 163 Bleecker St. In future we will save the rent of expensive Warerooms on Broadway, which will enable us to offer our Standard Pianos at greatly reduced prices. We have made many valuable improvements recently, and the Pianos we now manufacture are very much superior to any we have heretofore produced. If you wish to purchase a good, substantial, really first-class Piano, direct of the real maker, at factory price, send for our Illustrated Catalogue, mailed free. It gives full particulars, interesting information, and the names of thousands of Bankers, Merchants and Families (some of whom you will know), that are now using our Pianos, in every State and Territory of the Union. Address,
The UNITED STATES PIANO CO.,
Factory, 163 Bleecker St., N. Y.

C. WEIS, Successor to POLLAK & CO., Manufacturer of MEERSCHAUM GOODS, wholesale and retail. 27 John Street. Send for Circular, to P. O. Box 5009.

A splendid opportunity to acquire a valuable and convenient library at an insignificant outlay of money.—Boston Transcript.

Harper's Half-Hour Series.

A VALUABLE LIBRARY:
ROMANCE, BELLES-LETTRES, HISTORY, FINANCE, DOMESTIC SCIENCE, BIOGRAPHY, &c.

Special Inducements to Private Buyers.
25 VOLUMES IN A BOX FOR $5.

15 CENTS EACH.
Tender Recollections of Irene Macgillicuddy.
Constantinople. By James Bryce.
The Turks in Europe. By Edward A. Freeman.
Kate Cronin's Dowry. By Mrs. Cashel Hoey.

20 CENTS EACH.
Seven Years and Mair. By Anna T. Sadlier.
Georgie's Wooer. By Mrs. Leith-Adams.
Brother Jacob.—The Lifted Veil. By George Eliot.
A Shadow on the Threshold. By Mary Cecil Hay.
The Bride of Landeck. By G. P. R. James.
Da Capo. By Miss Thackeray.
Spanish Armada for the Invasion of England.
Poor Zeph! By F. W. Robinson.
Janet's Repentance. By George Eliot.
Mr. Gilfil's Love Story. By George Eliot.
Sad Fortunes of Amos Barton. By George Eliot.
Jews and their Persecutors. By Eugene Lawrence.
Percy and the Prophet. By Wilkie Collins.
The House on the Beach. By George Meredith.
The Mill of St. Herbot. By Katharine S. Macquoid.
The Jilt. By Charles Reade. Illustrated.
The Time of Roses. By Geraldine Butt.
Dieudonnée. By Geraldine Butt.
Oliver Cromwell. By Knatchbull-Hugessen.
Thompson Hall. By Anthony Trollope. Illustrated.

25 CENTS EACH.
The Youth's Health-Book.
A Sussex Idyl. By Clementina Black.
Moltke's Letters from Russia. Tr'd by Grace Bigelow.
David's Little Lad. By L. T. Meade.
Back to Back. By Edward Everett Hale.
Shepherds All and Maidens Fair. Besant and Rice.
My Lady's Money. By Wilkie Collins.
Warren Hastings. By Lord Macaulay.
Life and Writings of Addison. By Lord Macaulay.
Lord Clive. By Lord Macaulay.
Frederic the Great. By Lord Macaulay.
The Earl of Chatham. By Lord Macaulay.
William Pitt. By Lord Macaulay.
Samuel Johnson. By Lord Macaulay.
John Hampden.—Lord Burleigh. By Lord Macaulay.
Sir William Temple. By Lord Macaulay.
Machiavelli.—Horace Walpole. By Lord Macaulay.
John Milton.—Lord Byron. By Lord Macaulay.
The A B C of Finance. By Simon Newcomb.
University Life in Ancient Athens. By W. W. Capes.
Virginia. A Roman Sketch.
Cooking Receipts. From *Harper's Bazar*.
Peter the Great. By John Lothrop Motley.
Greek Literature. By Eugene Lawrence.
Latin Literature. By Eugene Lawrence.
Mediæval Literature. By Eugene Lawrence.
English Literature: Romance Period. E. Lawrence.
English History. Early England.
English History. England a Continental Power.
English History. Rise of the People.
English History. Tudors and the Reformation.
English History. Struggle ag'st Absolute Monarchy.
When the Ship Comes Home. By Besant and Rice.
Lambs' Tales from Shakespeare. Tragedies.
Lambs' Tales from Shakespeare. Comedies.

☞ *A selection of twenty-five volumes from the above Series will be sent by mail (in box), postage prepaid, to any part of the United States, on receipt of Five Dollars.*
The volumes sent separately at their advertised prices, postage free.

Address HARPER & BROTHERS,
Franklin Square, New York.

MICROSCOPES AT REDUCED PRICES. Telescopes, Opera Glasses, Spectacles, Thermometers. Send for Illustrated Catalogue.
R. & J. BECK, 921 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

Rogers' Statuary.

$10 and upward.

"The Traveling Magician."

Price $15.

Illustrated Catalogues may be had on application, or will be mailed, by enclosing 10 cents to

JOHN ROGERS,
1155 Broadway, New York,
Corner 27th Street.

GASOLENE

For GAS MACHINES. A superior article. Every barrel warranted pure, and guaranteed full test. For sale at very low figures by the Manufacturers,

CHARLES PRATT & CO.,
Established 1770. **128 Pearl St., N. Y.**

OUR IMPROVED PEST POISON is a SAFE, sure and cheap destroyer of the **POTATO BUG,** Currant Worm, and all Insects that Prey on Vegetation. Warranted to kill FIVE Bugs where Paris Green kills ONE, yet it is SAFER TO USE, and is not injurious to plants. Costs only 25c. to 50c. per acre. ½-lb box sent free by mail for 30c. Send for circular with hundreds of testimonials.

Our Cabbage Worm Destroyer is NOT AT ALL POISONOUS, but sure death to the worm. Sample for trial sent free on receipt of 15 cents. POSTAGE STAMPS ACCEPTED. Discount to the Trade.

KEARNEY CHEMICAL WORKS, J. R. DEY, Agent,
P. O. Box 3139. Office, 66 Cortlandt St., New York.

JEWETT'S REVOLVING PERCH CANARY CAGE

THE BIRD lights upon the perches, which keeps the wheel moving. It is healthy and a delight to the Bird. The most charming novelty of the age. Sold by House-furnishing Hardware, Drug, and Crockery Stores throughout the U S. Send for Circular. MANUF'D ONLY BY

JOHN C. JEWETT & SONS.
BUFFALO, N. Y.

HARPER'S PERIODICALS
FOR 1878.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE, One Year	$4 00
HARPER'S WEEKLY, " "	4 00
HARPER'S BAZAR, " "	4 00
The THREE publications, one year	10 00
Any TWO, one year	7 00
SIX subscriptions, one year	20 00

Terms for large clubs furnished on application.

The Volumes of the *Weekly* and *Bazar* begin with the first Number for January, and the Volumes of the *Magazine* with the Numbers for June and December of each year.

Subscriptions will be commenced with the Number of each Periodical current at the time of receipt of order, except in cases where the subscriber otherwise directs.

Remittances should be made by **Post-Office Money Order** or **Draft,** to avoid chance of loss.

Address HARPER & BROTHERS,
FRANKLIN SQUARE, NEW YORK.

ADVERTISING.

The extent and character of the circulation of HARPER'S WEEKLY and BAZAR render them advantageous mediums for advertising. A limited number of suitable advertisements will be inserted at the following rates: in the WEEKLY, Outside Page, $4 00 a line; Inside Pages, $2 00 a line. In the BAZAR, $1 00 a line; Cuts and Display charged the same rates for space occupied as solid matter.

Address

HARPER & BROTHERS,
Franklin Square, N. Y.

65 Mixed Cards, with name, 10c. and stamp. Ag'ts Outfit, 10c. L. C. COE & CO., Bristol, Conn.

$1200 **Salary.** Salesmen wanted to sell our Staple Goods to dealers. No peddling. **Expenses** paid. Permanent employment. address S. A. GRANT & CO., 2, 4, 6 & 8 Home St., Cincinnati, O.

50 LARGE MIXED CARDS, with name 13c.; or 40 in case 13c. Outfit 10c. DOWD & CO., Bristol, Conn.

25 FANCY Cards, Snowflake, Damask, Assorted in 25 styles, with name, 10c. Nassau Card Co., Nassau, N.Y.

$5 to $20 per day at home. Samples worth $5 free. Address STINSON & Co., Portland, Me.

GOLD Any worker can make $12 a day at home. Costly outfit free. Address TRUE & Co., Augusta, Me.

$350 A MONTH—AGENTS WANTED—36 best selling articles in the world; one sample *free.* Address Jay Bronson, Detroit, Mich.

$3 **GOLD PLATED WATCHES.** Cheapest in the known world. *Sample Watch Free to Agents.* Address, A. COULTER & Co., Chicago.

TRIX, Novelties, Notions. Illustrated Catalogue free to Agents. Boston Novelty Co., Boston, Mass.

$2500 a year. Agents wanted everywhere. Business strictly legitimate. Particulars free Address J. WORTH & Co., St. Louis, Mo.

$66 a week in your own town. Terms and $5 outfit free. Address H. HALLETT & Co., Portland, Me.

25 **Fashionable Cards,** no two alike, with name, 10c. postpaid. GEO. I. REED & CO., Nassau, N. Y.

SALESMEN WANTED $125 A Month and Expenses selling to DEALERS SAMPLES FREE. Send 3c. STAMP to insure answer. CIGARS S. FOSTER & CO., Cincinnati, O.

45 **Mixed Cards,** Extra Nice, with name and Card Case, 13c. C. G. HAVENS & Co., West Meriden, Ct.

BIG PAY to sell our Rubber Printing Stamps. Samples free. TAYLOR BROS. & CO., Cleveland, Ohio.

NEW AND VALUABLE BOOKS
FOR
High Schools, Academies, and Colleges.

LIDDELL & SCOTT'S GREEK-ENGLISH LEXICON.

SIXTH EDITION, REVISED AND AUGMENTED.

The sixth edition differs from former editions mainly in the greater fulness with which the forms of verbs are treated, in the addition of a large number of meanings and uses, especially from the later Attic prose, and in the enlargement and correction of the etymological notices. Many of the most important particles are also discussed more satisfactorily than before. The book is, of course, a necessity to all who wish to have the best guidance in the study of the most perfect of languages, or in reading the most magnificent of literatures.

Price, $11 00; Introduction, $10 00.

LIDDELL & SCOTT'S SMALLER GREEK-ENGLISH LEXICON.

This work is intended chiefly for use in schools. It has been reduced to its present compass by the omission of passages cited as authorities, of discussions upon the derivation of words, and of words used only by authors not read in schools.

The present edition has been completely revised, and has also been considerably enlarged.

Mailing Price, $2 35; Introduction, $1 50.

STUDENT'S SMALLER CLASSICAL DICTIONARY.

This book contains all the subjects and names which a student will need to refer to in fitting for college. It is very fully and beautifully illustrated, and is in all respects a most attractive and valuable work.

Mailing Price, $1 46; Introduction, $1 10; Exchange, 95 cents.

SEEMANN'S CLASSICAL MYTHOLOGY.

This work gives a clear and readable account of the legends of the Greeks and Romans, and is an excellent text-book for classical schools.

Mailing Price, 70 cents; Introduction, 50 cents.

BRAMBACH'S LATIN ORTHOGRAPHY.

The greater part of this hand-book consists of an index of words in which are arranged, in alphabetical order, the rules of orthography which are of most importance in schools for written exercises and for the reading of authors.

Mailing Price, $1 17; Introduction, 89 cents.

AUTENRIETH'S HOMERIC DICTIONARY.

A pupil with this Dictionary in his hands will easily read two pages in the time which, with the large lexicon, would be required for one page. Although recently issued, it has already been adopted for use in Harvard College, Yale College, Princeton College, Bowdoin College, Boston University, University of Vermont, Trinity College (Hartford), Phillips Academy (Andover), Phillips Academy (Exeter), and many other of the best classical institutions in the country.

Mailing Price, $1 30; Introduction, 84 cents; Exchange, 75 cents.

HARPER'S GREEK AND LATIN TEXTS.

Æschylus.
Cæsar.
Cicero de Senectute et de Amicitia.
Ciceronis Orationes Selectæ.
Ciceronis Tusculanæ Disputationes.
Euripides. 3 volumes.
Herodotus. 2 volumes.
Horatius.
Lucretius.
Sallust.
Sophocles.
Thucydides. 2 volumes.
Vergilius.
Xenophon.
Plato.

This Series is intended to supply *cheap and accurate pocket editions* of the Classics, which shall be superior in mechanical execution to the small German editions now current in this country, and more convenient in form.

These texts have taken their place among scholars as valuable contributions to classical literature, and it is believed that there are no texts better adapted for general use.

The volumes are handsomely printed in good plain type, and on firm, fine paper, capable of receiving writing-ink for notes, and are supplied at the moderate price of forty-two cents a volume in paper, or sixty-five cents a volume in cloth.

Mailing Price, Paper, 42 cts. per vol.; Introduction, 30 cts.; Exchange, 28 cts.
" " Cloth, 65 " " " 46 " " 44 "

A catalogue and descriptive circulars of our school and college text-books will be mailed free to any teacher or school-officer on application. Correspondence regarding books for examination, terms of introduction, etc., is solicited.

HARPER & BROTHERS, Publishers,
Franklin Square, New York.

HARPER & BROTHERS' LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

I.

LIDDELL & SCOTT'S GREEK-ENGLISH LEXICON. Compiled by HENRY GEORGE LIDDELL, D.D., Dean of Christ Church, and ROBERT SCOTT, D.D., Dean of Rochester, late Master of Balliol College. Sixth Edition, Revised and Augmented. 4to, Sheep, $11 00. Abridged Edition, Small 4to, Half Leather, $2 35.

II.

THE YOUTH'S HEALTH-BOOK. By the Author of the Bazar Books of "Health," of "Decorum," and of "The Household." 32mo, Paper, 25 cents; Flexible Cloth, 40 cents.

III.

THE VOYAGE OF THE "CHALLENGER." *The Atlantic:* an Account of the General Results of the Voyage during the year 1873 and and the early part of the year 1876. By Sir C. WYVILLE THOMSON, F.R.S. With a Portrait of the Author engraved by C. H. Jeens, many Colored Maps, Temperature Charts, and Illustrations engraved by J. D. Cooper, from Drawings by J. J. Wyld. Published by Authority of the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty. 2 vols., 8vo, Cloth, $12 00.

IV.

THE HISTORY OF A CRIME. The History of a Crime: the Testimony of an Eye-Witness. By VICTOR HUGO, Author of "The Toilers of the Sea," "Ninety-Three," &c. Illustrated. Parts I. and II., 8vo, Paper, 25 cents each.

V.

HILL'S RHETORIC. The Principles of Rhetoric, and their Application. By ADAMS S. HILL, Boylston Professor of Rhetoric and Oratory in Harvard College. With an Appendix comprising General Rules for Punctuation. 12mo, Half Leather, $1 17.

VI.

DE MILLE'S RHETORIC. The Elements of Rhetoric. By JAMES DE MILLE, M.A. 12mo, Cloth, $1 40.

VII.

THE SCHOOL AND THE FAMILY. The Ethics of School Relations. By JOHN KENNEDY, Instructor in Teachers' Institutes. 16mo, Cloth, $1 00.

VIII.

HISTORY OF THE ENGLISH PEOPLE. By JOHN RICHARD GREEN, M.A., Author of "A Short History of the English People," "Stray Studies from England and Italy." In Five Volumes. Volumes I. and II., bringing the history to the close of Queen Elizabeth's reign, are now ready. 8vo, Cloth, $2 50 each.

IX.

STORIES FROM HOMER. By the Rev. ALFRED J. CHURCH, Head Master of King Edward's School, Retford, England. With 24 Colored Illustrations from Flaxman's Designs. 16mo, Cloth, $1 25.

X.

A PRIMER OF ENGLISH LITERATURE: Romance Period. By EUGENE LAWRENCE. 32mo, Paper, 25 cents. Uniform with *Lawrence's Primers of Greek, Latin, and Mediæval Literature.*

XI.

HARPER'S GUIDE TO EUROPE AND THE EAST. Harper's Hand-Book for Travellers in Europe and the East: being a guide through Great Britain and Ireland, France, Belgium, Holland, Germany, Italy, Egypt, Syria, Turkey, Greece, Switzerland, Tyrol, Spain, Russia Denmark, Norway, and Sweden. By W. PEMBROKE FETRIDGE. With Maps and Plans of Cities. Seventeenth Year (1878). In three Volumes. 12mo, Leather, Pocket-Book Form, $3 00 per Volume.

VOL. I.—Great Britain, Ireland, France, Belgium, Holland.
VOL. II.—Germany, Italy, Egypt, Syria, Turkey, Greece.
VOL. III.—Switzerland, Tyrol, Denmark, Norway, Sweden, Russia, Spain.

XII.

CONSTANTINOPLE. By JAMES BRYCE. 32mo, Paper, 15 cents.

XIII.

POPULAR ASTRONOMY. By SIMON NEWCOMB, LL.D., Professor, U. S. Naval Observatory. With One Hundred and Twelve Engravings, and Five Maps of the Stars. 8vo, Cloth, $4 00.

XIV.

THE SPANISH ARMADA FOR THE INVASION OF ENGLAND. 1587-1588. By ALFRED H. GUERNSEY. 32mo, Paper, 20 cents.

THE NEW NOVELS
PUBLISHED BY
HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

⁂ *These Novels are in Paper Covers, except where otherwise specified.*

Deceivers Ever. By MRS. H. LOVETT CAMERON. 30 cts.

Less Black than We're Painted. By JAMES PAYN. 35 cents.

Georgie's Wooer. By MRS. LEITH-ADAMS. 20 cents.

A Sussex Idyl. By CLEMENTINA BLACK. 25 cents.

Seven Years and Mair. By ANNA T. SADLIER. 20 cts.

By Proxy. By JAMES PAYN. 35 cents.

David's Little Lad. By L. T. MEADE. 25 cents.

By Celia's Arbor. A Tale of Portsmouth Town. By WALTER BESANT and JAMES RICE. With Illustrations. 50 cents.

The Wreck of the "Grosvenor." 30 cents.

Brother Jacob.—The Lifted Veil. By GEORGE ELIOT. 20 cents.

The Tender Recollections of Irene Macgillicuddy. *Authorized Edition.* 15 cents.

A Shadow on the Threshold. By MARY CECIL HAY. 20 cents.

The Bride of Landeck. By G. P. R. JAMES. 20 cents.

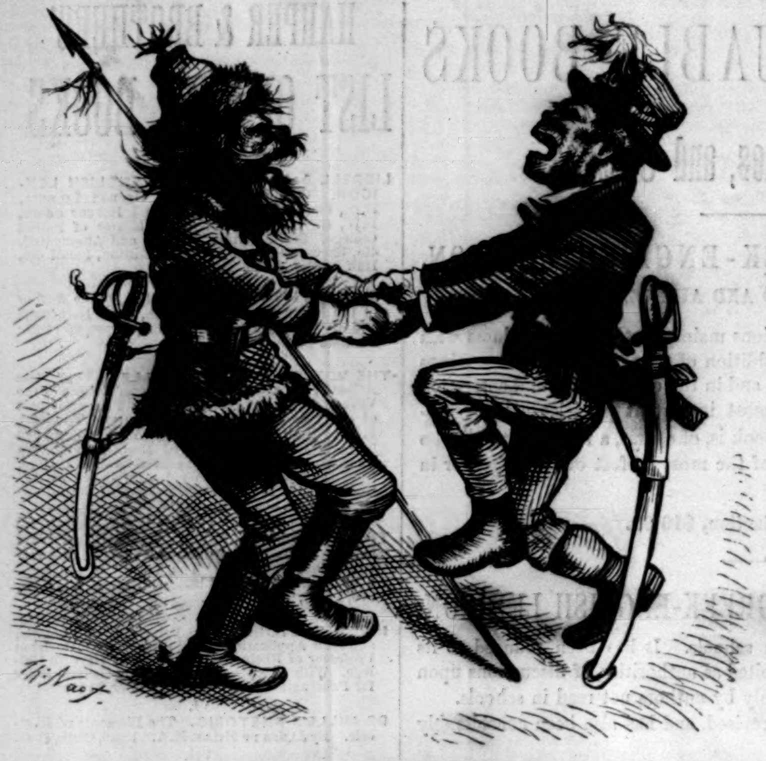
Back to Back. By EDWARD EVERETT HALE. 25 cents.

The Last of the Haddons. By MRS. NEWMAN. 25 cents.

☞ HARPER & BROTHERS *will send either of the above works by mail (excepting the larger works, whose weight excludes them from the mail), postage prepaid, to any part of the United States, on receipt of the price.*

☞ HARPER'S CATALOGUE *mailed free on receipt of Nine Cents.*

HARPER & BROTHERS, Franklin Square, N. Y.



"THE RUSSO-FENIAN ALLIANCE."
How Natural.

LADIES

Ought to know how to dress **economically** and yet **tastefully.** No matter what your station in life may be, whether you are the wife or daughter of a **millionaire** or of a **woodcutter,** it is **your duty** to see to it that the money you expend for Dress brings you **the best possible quality** at the price, and, also, that your garments are made up **in good taste,** perfectly shaped and prettily trimmed.

The great centre of Fashions of the United States is, undoubtedly, New York City, and it is an undeniable fact that a lady who makes her purchases in New York, can dress **TWICE** as becomingly, although she may spend only **ONE HALF** as much as a lady who lives far away in the country.

It is impossible, of course, that all should make a trip to New York in order to make their purchases, and, therefore, we respectfully call your attention to the next best thing: Spend the insignificant sum of **15 CENTS** and become a subscriber to the Spring Number of

"Ehrichs' Fashion Quarterly."

It differs from every other magazine published. It contains nothing **extravagant,** nothing **indefinite.** It tells you what to wear, how to dress the children, and exactly what the clothing will cost. It is **the only Fashion Magazine** which will be as interesting **TO YOUR HUSBAND** as to yourself.

Picture to your mind a bulky volume of **one hundred** large pages. Every conceivable article in which a lady can be interested—Ladies' Suits, from the cheapest Calico house-dress to the richest Silk garments; Children's Suits, from the lowest priced Calico Romp Suits to the most costly Graduation and Party dresses; Underclothing, Baby Wear, Bonnets, Neck Wear, Dress Trimmings, Dress Goods, Hosiery, Shoes, Jewelry, etc., etc. **Every article is richly illustrated,** and annexed is not only a clear, concise description, but also **THE PRICE** at which you can obtain the article from New York. It thus becomes a perfect, reliable guide as to every article connected with Dress.

Interleaved between the Fashions, the "Quarterly" offers the very best **original** Reading Matter—practical essays on "Cooking," by Miss Corson, Directress of New York Cooking School—charming papers, poems, and stories by "Kate True"—Daisy Eyebright"—"Paul Long"—"Madge Elliot"—Mrs. Pollard, etc., etc. Instructive Department for the Young Folks.

Our enormous Subscription List, exceeding **sixty thousand,** and our daily receipt of numberless complimentary letters, convince us that our "Quarterly" ought to go **to every family** in the United States. You may be assured of this—that when you receive the "Quarterly" **your only regret** will be that you had not been a subscriber **years before.**

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE—**50** Cents per year (4 numbers.) **25** Cents per half year. For one number, **15** Cents.

Notice: This advertisement **will not be repeated,** so subscribe **at once.** Please mention the name of this paper when you write.

ADDRESS **EHRICHS'**
287 TO 295 EIGHTH AVE
NEW YORK CITY

TO IRONMASTERS.

Wanted, a Situation as Superintendent of a Blast Furnace, Anthracite or Coke, by a thoroughly practical man of 17 years' experience in every department of the business. Has located, planned, and erected Furnaces of the largest class. Can furnish working drawings and estimates in advance of any repair or improvements. Has had large experience in Blowing In and handling. Satisfactory references.

Address **IRON,**
Care American Iron and Steel Association,
265 South Fourth St., Philadelphia.

CHINESE AND JAPANESE DEPOT.
H. C. PARKE, 186 Front St.,
Between Fulton St. and Burling Slip, N. Y. *Rich Porcelains, Bronzes, Enamels, and Screens.*

THE "WHITSON"
REFRIGERATOR.
Great saving of ICE, intense COLD, dry atmosphere.
JACOB LORILLARD, Mfr.,
826 Broadway, cor. 12th St., New York.
Send for Illustrated Catalogue.

JAMES W. BELL,
ARTIST TAILOR,
172 FIFTH AVENUE, New York.

THE WORLD'S STANDARD.

SCALES.

ALSO,

OSCILLATING PUMP COMPANY'S PUMPS,
PATENT ALARM MONEY-DRAWERS,
THE IMPROVED TYPE-WRITER,
COFFEE MILLS, SPICE MILLS, AND
STORE FIXTURES GENERALLY.

PRINCIPAL WAREHOUSES:

FAIRBANKS & CO.	New York. Baltimore, Md. New Orleans. Buffalo, N. Y. Albany, N. Y. Montreal. London, Eng.
FAIRBANKS, BROWN, & CO.	Boston, Mass.
FAIRBANKS & EWING	Philadelphia, Penn.
FAIRBANKS, MORSE, & CO.	Chicago, Ill. Cincinnati, Ohio. Cleveland, Ohio. Pittsburg, Penn. Louisville, Ky.
FAIRBANKS & CO.	St. Louis, Mo.
FAIRBANKS & HUTCHINSON	San Francisco, Cal.

MANUFACTURERS,
E. & T. FAIRBANKS & CO.,
ST. JOHNSBURY, VT.

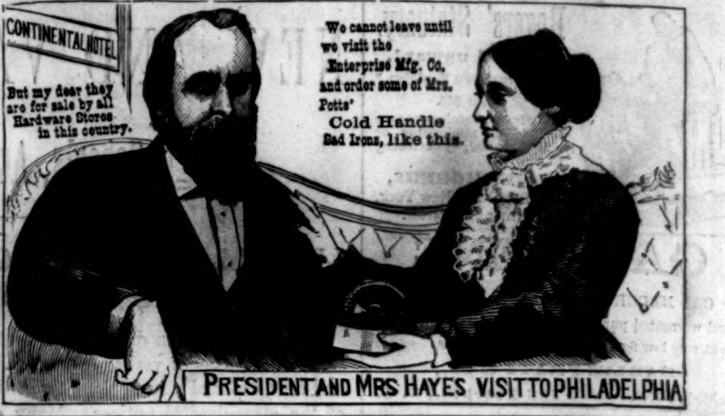
$1. Send One Dollar for the Pocket Edition of
Webster's Dictionary.

Contains 18,000 Words, Rules of Spelling, Tables of Money, Weights and Measures, Abbreviations, Words, Phrases, Proverbs, &c., from the Greek, the Latin, and the Modern Languages. Morocco Tucks, Gilt Edges. By mail, when not otherwise obtainable, on receipt of **$1.00.** For sale by dealers generally.

IVISON, BLAKEMAN, TAYLOR, & CO.,
Publishers Webster's School Dictionaries,
138 and 140 Grand St., New York.

WATERS'

ORGANS *are the best ever made, warranted for 5 years.* **PIANOS**
PIANOS, 7 octave, ***$125***; 7⅓ octave, ***$135. ORGANS*** 2 stops, ***$47***; 4 stops, ***$50***; 7 stops, ***$63***; 8 stops, ***$69***; 10 stops, ***$82***; 12 stops, ***$85***; ***Cash,*** all in perfect order, not used a year. Sheet Music at half price. Send for Illustrated Catalogues. **HORACE WATERS & SONS, Manufacturers and Dealers,** ***40 East 14th Street, New York.***


CONTINENTAL HOTEL
But my dear they are for sale by all Hardware Stores in this country.
We cannot leave until we visit the Enterprise Mfg. Co. and order some of Mrs. Potts' Cold Handle Sad Irons, like this.
PRESIDENT AND MRS HAYES VISIT TO PHILADELPHIA

TABLEWARE
AND
HOUSEFURNISHING
COMPLETE.

French China and Limoge Combination Breakfast, Dinner, and Tea Sets, from $14 00; Chamber Sets, from $3 45; Fine Engraved Goblets, $1 25 doz.; Ivory Handled Table Knives, from $6 00 doz. Cooking Utensils, Silver-plated Ware, everything for your House and Table equally low. *Refrigerators at greatly reduced prices.* Goods carefully boxed and shipped to all parts daily. 50-page Price-List and refrigerator lists free by Mail.

E. D. BASSFORD,
1, 2, 3, 12, 13, 15, 16, and 17
Cooper Institute, New York City.

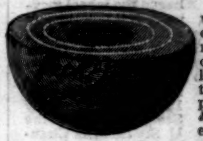
FISHERMEN!
TWINES AND NETTING,
MANUFACTURED BY
WM. E. HOOPER & SONS, Baltimore, Md.
☞ Send for Price-List, naming your County and State.

DO YOUR OWN PRINTING!

THE
EXCELSIOR

$3 Press Prints labels, cards etc. (Self-inker $5) 9 Larger sizes For business, pleasure, young or old Catalogue of Presses, Type, Etc., for 2 stamps. **KELSEY & Co. Meriden, Conn**

SPORTING GOODS.



The largest stock in the world. We will issue on or about April 1st the most complete Catalogue of these goods ever published. 192 pages, 660 illustrations. By mail, post-paid, 15c. Address **PECK & SNYDER, Manufacturers, 124 Nassau St., N. Y.**

TARRANT'S SELTZER APERIENT. Trade Mark Patented

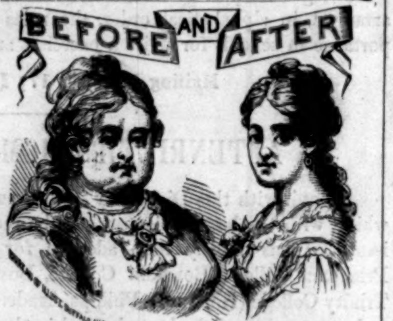
Ridiculous Ideas are entertained about purgatives. It is dangerous to scourge the stomach, to rasp the bowels, to prostrate the nervous system with furious evacuants. Nature has given a sample, in the famous Seltzer Spring, of what the bilious, constipated, or dyspeptic system needs for its restoration, and in

TARRANT'S SELTZER APERIENT

Science has improved on Nature by combining all the valuable ingredients of the German Fountain in a portable form, and omitting those which have no medicinal virtues. This agreeable and potent saline alterative changes the condition of the blood and purifies all the fluids of the body. Sold by all druggists.

BEFORE BUYING OR RENTING A
CABINET OR PARLOR ORGAN
Be sure to send for our LATEST Catalogue and Circulars with new styles, reduced prices, and much information. *Sent Free.* MASON & HAMLIN ORGAN CO., Boston, New York, or Chicago.

Harper's New and Enlarged Catalogue
WITH A COMPLETE ANALYTICAL INDEX,
sent by mail on receipt of Nine Cents.
HARPER & BROTHERS, Franklin Square, N. Y.



ANTI-FAT
The GREAT REMEDY for
CORPULENCE.

ALLAN'S ANTI-FAT
is purely vegetable and perfectly harmless. It acts upon the food in the stomach, preventing its being converted into fat. Taken in accordance with directions, **it will reduce a fat person from two to five pounds per week.**

"Corpulence is not only a disease itself, but the harbinger of others." So wrote Hippocrates two thousand years ago, and what was true then is none the less so to-day.

Sold by druggists, or sent, by express, upon receipt of $1.50. Quarter-dozen $4.00. Address,

BOTANIC MEDICINE CO.,
Proprietors, Buffalo, N. Y.

BOOK AGENTS WANTED. Apply to HARPER & BROTHERS, Franklin Square.

GEO. A. PRINCE & CO'S
ORGANS.
The oldest, largest, and most perfect manufactory in the U. S.
OVER **58,000** NOW IN USE.
Two New Styles Just Out.
Send for Price-Lists.
Address BUFFALO, N. Y.

Harper's European Guide-Book
FOR 1878.

IN 3 VOLS. PRICE, $3 00 PER VOL.
The Volumes sold separately.

Vol. I. Great Britain, Ireland, France, Belgium, and Holland.
Vol. II. Germany, Austria, Italy, and the East.
Vol. III. Switzerland, Russia, Denmark, Norway, Sweden, and Spain.

☞ *Either of the Volumes sent by mail on receipt of Three Dollars.*

HARPER'S PHRASE-BOOK, in English, French, German, and Italian. Price, $1 50.

HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

ASBESTOS
TRADE MARK

Liquid Paints, Roofing, Steam Pipe and Boiler Coverings, Steam Packing, Sheathing, Fire, Acid, and Water-proof Coatings, Cements, &c. Send for Samples, Illustrated Catalogues, Price-Lists, &c.

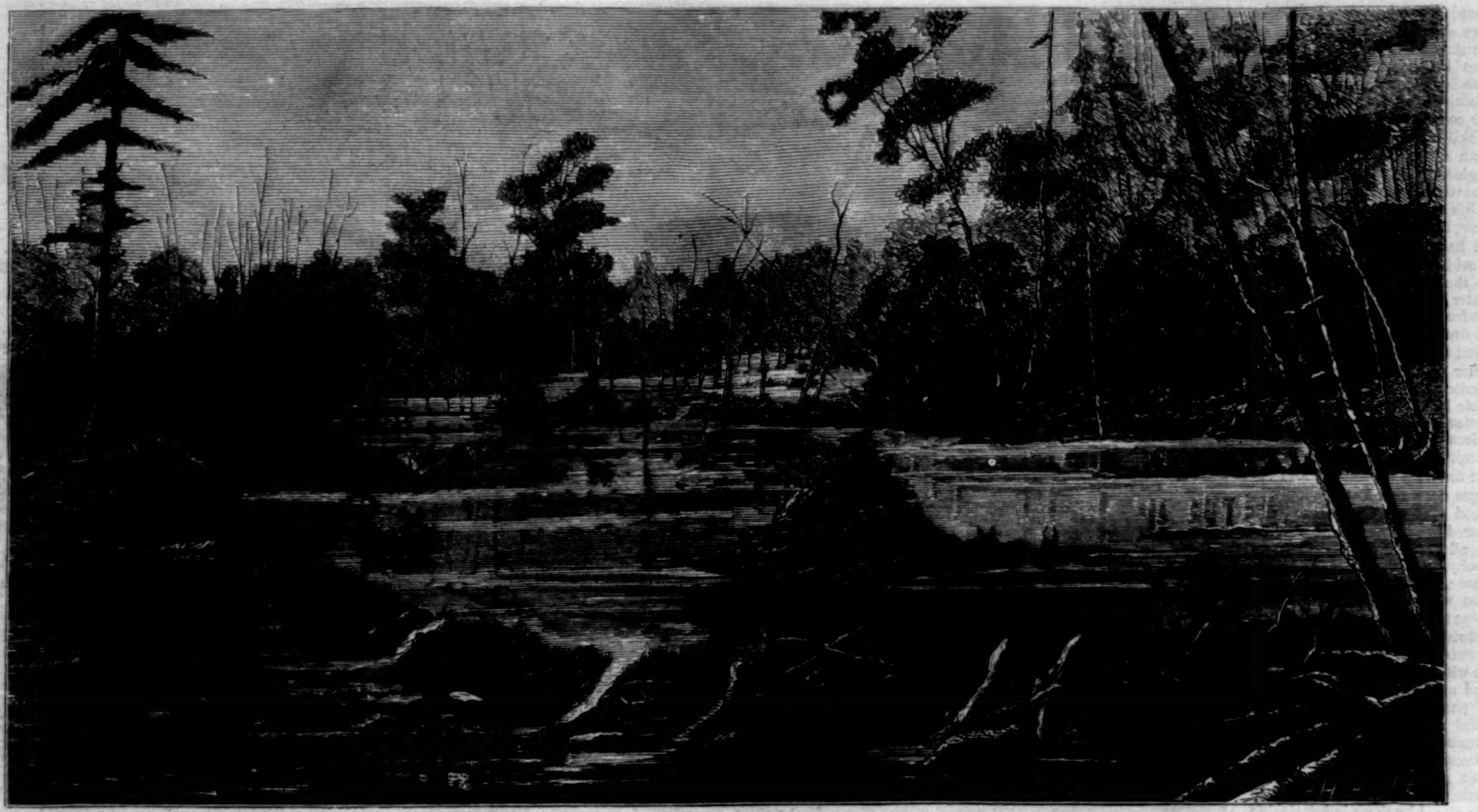
H. W. JOHNS M'F'G CO.,
87 Maiden Lane, N. Y.

Pat. Dec. 15th, 1874.
ECONOMIC PORTABLE WASHSTAND.

DEGRAAF & TAYLOR,
Nos. 47 and 49 West 14th St.,

Manufacturers of Queen Anne and Eastlake Parlor, Library, Dining-Room, Office, and Chamber Furniture, Pier and Mantel Glasses, Cornices, Bedding, &c. We also have the exclusive right of N. Y. State to manufacture the Centennial Parlor Cabinet Bedstead, the Best, Cheapest, and Most Useful Piece of Furniture manufactured.

Nos. 47 and 49 West 14th St.,
NEAR 6TH AVENUE.



A BEAVER DAM—THE DESERTED VILLAGE.

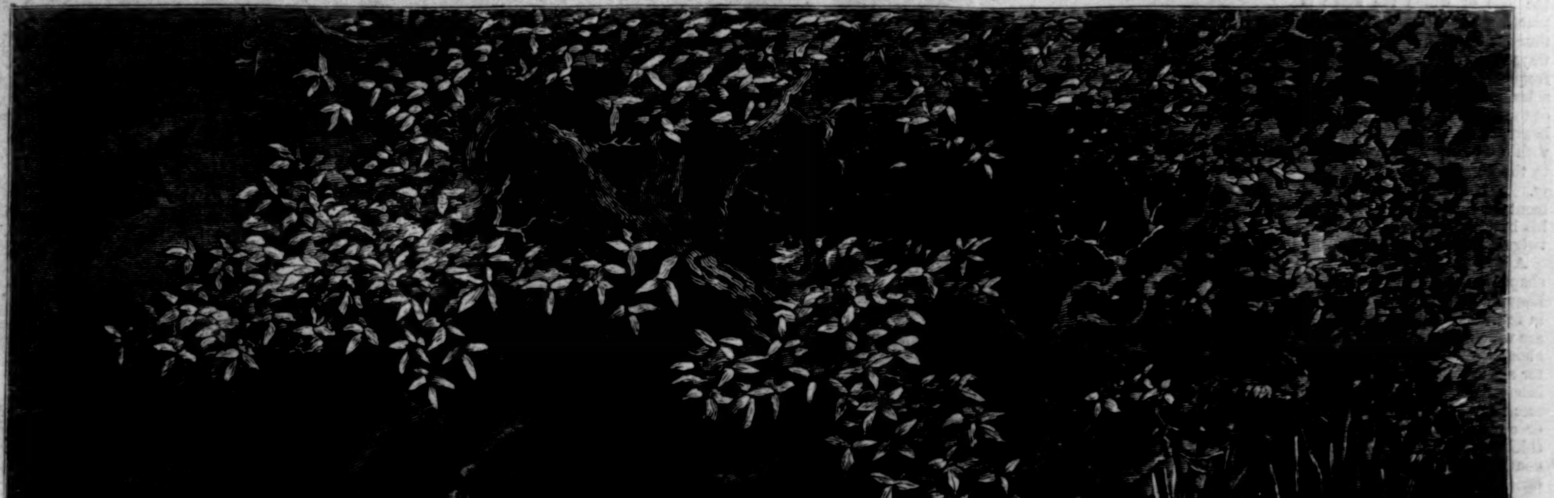
BEAVERS AND SEALS AT HOME.

AMONG aquatic animals the beaver and the seal occupy a conspicuous position, the first on account of his marvellous building talents, and the second through the caprice of fashion, which has made his skin a most esteemed article of personal adornment. The beaver, a specimen of whose achievements in the way of dam-building is given in the above engraving, belongs to the order *Glires* or *Rodentia*, and is valued for its fur and for a peculiar substance called *castoreum*, formerly used as a medicine for certain diseases. Some naturalists regard the American beaver as distinct from that of Europe and Asia; but the differences observable either externally or anatomically are very inconsiderable, and the opinion that a great difference exists in instincts and habits appears to have been too hastily adopted.

If there be only one species of beaver, it is very widely distributed throughout the world. In America it extends almost as far south as the Gulf of Mexico. It once existed in the British Islands, where, however, it has been long extinct, and it has become rare in Europe, in many parts of which it was once common. It has also become rare in the United States, disappearing rapidly as civilization advances, but it is still abundant in the wide region of lakes and rivers which lies to the north and west of the settled parts of America. Considerable numbers are also found on the banks of the Obi and other rivers of Siberia, and in Kamtchatka.

The beaver is usually at least two feet in length from the nose to the root of the tail, the latter being of oval form, about ten inches in length, fully three inches in breadth, and scarcely an inch in thickness. These dimensions are, however, sometimes exceeded. The general form of the animal is thick and clumsy, thickest at the hips, and then narrowing abruptly, so that it seems to taper to the tail. The head is thick and broad, the nose obtuse, the eyes small, the ears short and rounded. The fur consists of two kinds of hair: the longer hair is comparatively coarse, smooth, and glossy; the under coat is dense, soft, and silky. The incisors, or cutting teeth, of the beaver are remarkably strong, and exhibit in the highest degree the distinctive characteristic of the order to which it belongs—the front of hard enamel, which in the beaver is of a bright orange color; the back of the tooth, formed of a softer substance, is more easily worn down, so that a sharp, chisel-like edge is always preserved, the bulbs being also persistent, so that the teeth are continually growing, as by their employment in gnawing wood they are continually being worn away. Each foot has five toes: those of the fore-feet are short and not connected by a web; those of the hind-feet are long, spreading out like the toes of a goose, and webbed to the nails. In accordance with this remarkable peculiarity the beaver in swimming makes use of the hind-feet alone, the fore-feet remaining motionless and close to the body. Another characteristic, to which nothing similar appears in any other rodent, is the large horizontally flattened tail, which, except at its root, is not covered with hair, like the rest of the body, but with scales.

The food of the beaver consists of the bark of trees and shrubs and the roots of water-lilies and other aquatic plants. In summer it eats berries, leaves, and various kinds of herbage. There is reason to think that it never, as has been supposed, kills or eats fish. Like some other rodents, it lays up stores of provisions for winter; but these in the case of the beaver consist chiefly of bark, or the branches and even the trunks of trees. Its extraordinary powers of gnawing are exerted to cut down trees of several inches in diameter both for food and for the construction of its wonderful houses and dams. A tree of eighteen inches has been found cut down by beavers, though they usually exhibit a preference for smaller ones. When a large tree is cut, the branches only, and not the trunk, are employed in their architectural operations. These are very wonderful, although the statement, at one time commonly made, that beavers drive stakes into the ground, has no foundation in fact; and some of the particulars which passed current along with it were equally fabulous. Still, they are marvellous builders. A recent English writer, in speaking of the wonderful constructions raised by their industry, says: "Truly Canadians may be

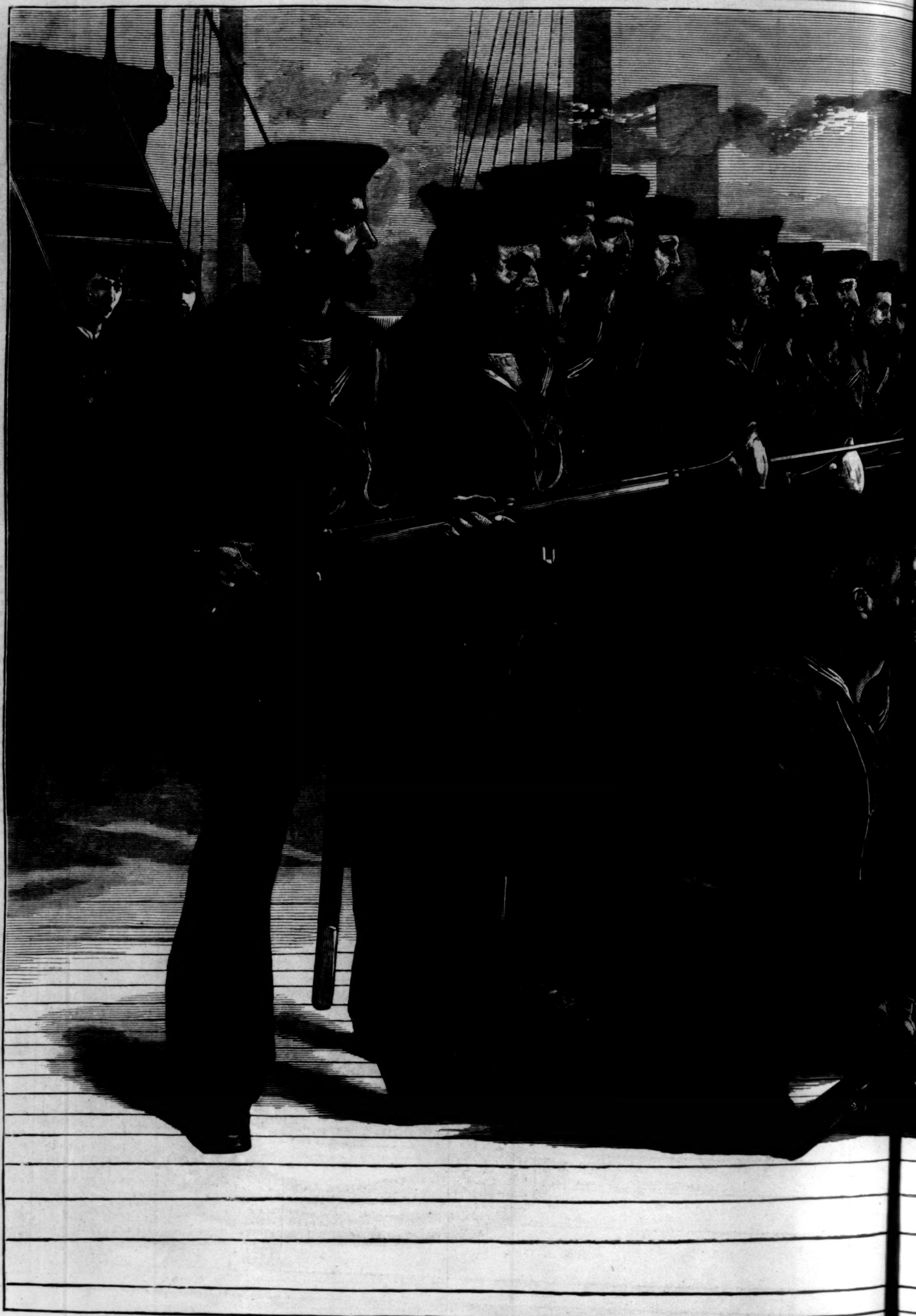


A SEAL FAMILY AT HOME.—[DRAWN BY FRANK BELLEW.]

proud of the beaver. Its works give a stranger who sees them for the first time the idea of human intelligence, industry, and forethought. Their dams, even mistaken for the works of man, are constructed with an amount of skill which leads the visitor to form a high estimate of the local engineer; and if he investigate more closely the habits and modes of life of these extraordinary animals, he will find in their domestic habits, in their foresight in providing food for the morrow, in the way they regulate their water supply so that in the highest freshet and the most protracted drought they are on the one hand neither deluged nor on the other restricted in supply, in the construction and fortification of their lodges, and finally, in their system of government, which drives the drones out of the community, and regulates the size of the different households and villages according to the supply of wood that can be obtained and stored for winter use, he will find in all their mode of life a sagacity, a foresight, an intelligence, and a system of organization which elevate them above some races of savage men. Their influence on the features of the country constitute another parallel with man. Many small lakes and wild meadows are the work of past generations of beavers. First of all the small brook is dammed; by-and-by this dam becomes solid, and forest trees take root and grow on it; as other outlets of the water occur they are closed by these indefatigable workers, till at length the pond assumes the proportions of a lake, and remains for all time to attest to their powers. The meadows are formed by the draining of the lakes. The beaver has left more permanent and enduring monuments of its existence on the surface of the country than the aboriginal inhabitants of Canada have left or are likely to leave."

The houses or lodges of beavers are almost without exception grouped together near the edge of the water, the mud being scraped away from the front so as to secure a sufficient depth of water to allow of free egress even during the most severe frost. The winter stores of the animal, consisting of piles or heaps of wood, are always under water, and at such depths that they can not be locked up by ice. When the depth of water is not sufficient a dam is constructed, by the side of which the lodge is placed. These dams are sometimes 300 yards in width, and always convex toward the current; frequently they extend on both sides beyond the natural channel of the stream. In their building, beavers interlace small branches with each other, securing them to the larger with great ingenuity. A beaver kept in confinement has been known to exhibit his building instincts by weaving twigs into the wires of his cage.

A beaver's lodge resembles in shape the snow houses of the Esquimaux, being nearly circular in form and half as high as they are wide. The average height is about three feet, and the diameter six or seven. These are the interior dimensions, the exterior measurement being much greater on account of the exceeding thickness of the walls, which are continually strengthened by their owners with mud and branches, so that during the severe frosts they are nearly as hard as solid stone. The beaver is a social animal, and each lodge will accommodate several inhabitants, whose beds are arranged about the wall. Generally the beavers desert their huts in the summer-time, although one or two of a group of houses may be occupied by a mother and her young offspring. All the old beavers who have no domestic ties to keep them at home take to the water and swim up and down the stream at liberty until the month of August, when they return to their homes. There are also certain individuals, called by the trappers *les paresseux*, or idlers, which do not live in houses and build no dams, but abide in subterranean tunnels like those of our common water-rat, to which they are closely allied. These *paresseux* are always males, and it sometimes happens that several will inhabit the same tunnel. The trapper is always pleased when he finds the habitation of an idler, as its capture is a comparatively easy matter. The beaver is easily tamed, but naturally no wooden cage will keep one confined.



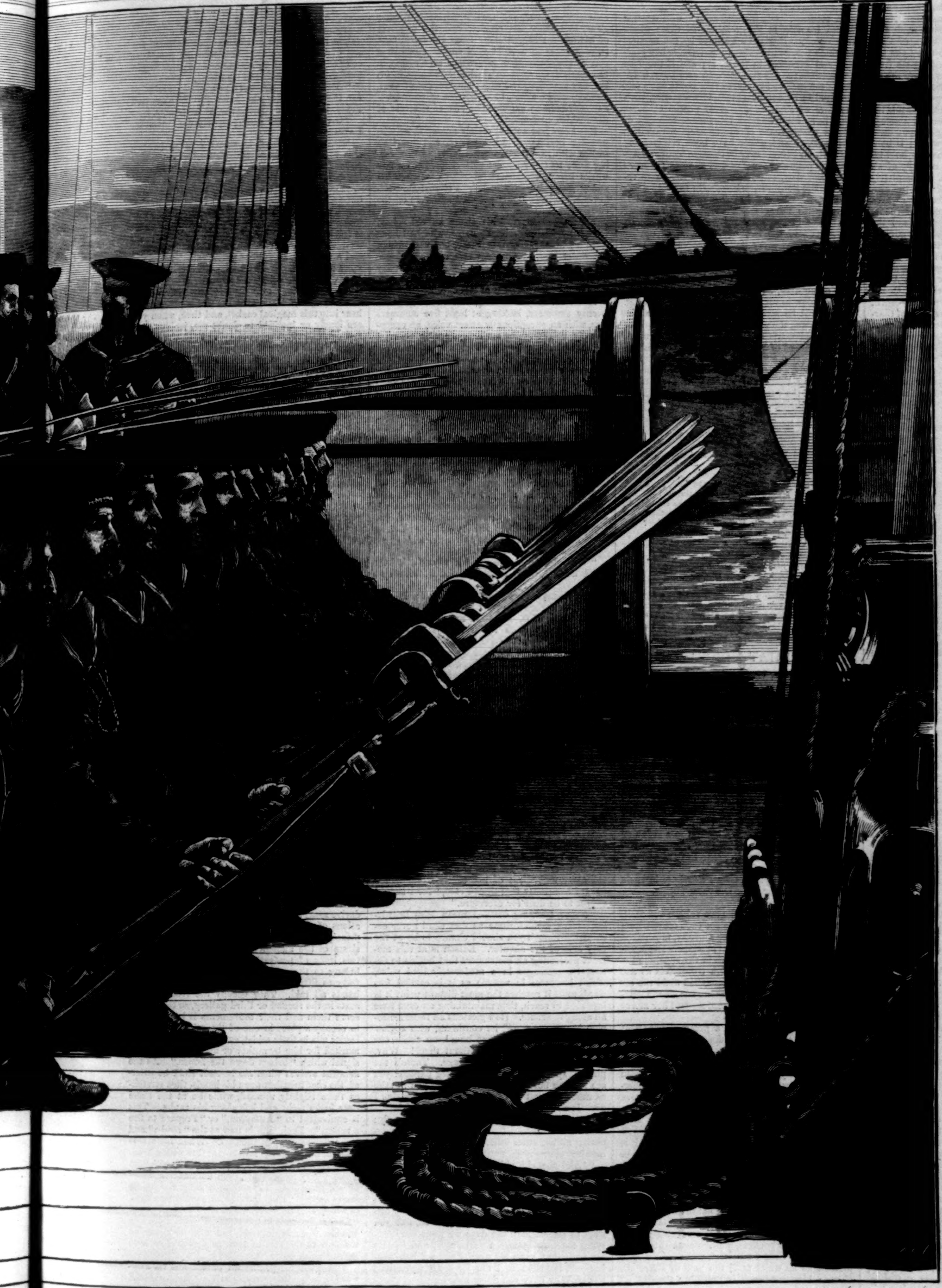
THE BRITISH NAVY—MUSKETRY D

It was an unhappy day for the seal when fashionable maids and matrons began to covet his warm coat. Within the last decade millions of skins have been used in this country and in Europe, and thousands of tons of shipping are annually employed in their capture. Large herds of seals of various species, especially the Greenland and hooded seals, are found floating on fields of ice in our northern seas.

Few animals are more tenacious of life than the seal, and the most needless cruelties used to be practiced in their capture. Now the larger species are generally killed at once with a lance thrust into the heart, and the smaller ones are stunned by a blow on the nose from a long-handled hammer, with a sharp spike on the opposite side to hook into the skull. The Esquimaux hunt them in light boats with lances, or spear them at holes in the ice where they come up to breathe. To them the seal supplies food, oil for light and warmth, skins for clothes, boots, utensils, tents, and boats, sinews for thread and lines, and membranes for garments and window coverings. The oil is of superior quality, and if prepared from the fresh animals, is transparent, free from odor, and not unpleasant to the taste.

The structure of the seal is most perfectly adapted to an aquatic life, and they live chiefly in water, but spend a large quantity of their time on shore reposing and basking in the sunshine on rocks, sand-banks, ice-fields, or beaches. They bring forth their young on shore. The body of the seal is elongated, and tapers from the chest to the tail. The head somewhat resembles that of a dog, and in most of the species the brain is large. The feet are short, and little more than

the paw projects
All the feet are th
the hind-feet are
longation of the
short tail. The toes
feet, are capable o
in swimming, so as
The movements o
rapid and graceful
culiar; even the f
body is contracted
spine, and so throw



Y D—"PREPARE TO RECEIVE CAVALRY!"

THE BRITISH NAVY.

The impression that so generally obtains that life on board ship is a lazy one, and that seamen have little or nothing to do during many hours of every day, is entirely erroneous as regards the officers and crew of a man-of-war. Visitors seeing for the first time a ship of the navy not infrequently pause to admire the snowy whiteness of the decks, the beauty and finish of the guns, the brilliancy of the metal, and the spotlessness of the woodwork, and yet apparently they do not attribute these pleasing effects to any natural cause. Seeing the crew ruddy, healthy, and well clothed, they ask, in the most innocent manner, "What do you find to do aboard ship?" The answer is very simple—*drill*: not only the system of foot exercise seen in the army, but drill aloft with spars, yards, and sails; drill below with men, small-arms, and heavy guns. The work of cleaning and embellishing the ship is done in the early hours of the morning, so that by 9 A.M. the decks are cleared up, and all is ready for the work of the day.

The drill system of the English service includes not only the necessary knowledge for the conduct of a vessel both during quiet sailing and fierce action, but also much that might heretofore have been looked upon as belonging exclusively to army tactics. Recent events have convinced the English government of the utility of giving regular instruction to the seamen on board ships of war with a view to their occasional employment on shore. Notably on the occasion of the expedition against the Ashantees on the West African coast was the action of the various crews combined with the land-forces efficacious in instances where the latter unsupported might have failed of obtaining a victory. At present the men on board the iron-clad fleet under Admiral HORNBY in the Sea of Marmora are constantly exercised in a great variety of warlike practices, including the ordinary drill of infantry soldiers, as well as the handling of their own great guns, and the use of the cutlass, pike, and other weapons commonly found on board ship. Our illustration, however, is supplied from a sketch taken on board H.M.S. *Excellent*, the vessel lying at Portsmouth which is appropriated to the instruction of sailors belonging to the Royal Navy. It will be observed that their carbines and sword-bayonets are handled in precisely the same manner as the rifles and bayonets supplied to every regiment of the line; and we understand that the method of drill is identical in both cases, no part being omitted. The well-known order, "Prepare to receive cavalry!" which is obeyed by the front rank kneeling, with bayonets raised in an oblique position, to encounter, breast-high, the charge of the enemy's horse, might perhaps seem of questionable utility for seamen but that they are liable to be called on for land service. It is quite conceivable, for instance, that when the British army landed on the coast of the Crimea, under the protection of the guns of the British fleet, nearly twenty-four years ago, there might have been a covering party of the Naval Brigade in charge of some boats on the beach. And if a troop of Cossacks had then galloped down upon them, with lance and sword, to drive them into the sea, "Prepare to receive cavalry!" would have been the word for those brave fellows, who would have been ready, afloat or ashore, to fight all the Russians in the world.

Another important branch of the instruction of an English seaman is the manipulation and construction of torpedoes. Qualified instructors are appointed to teach the younger seamen how and when to use these means of offense and defense, and, when opportunity offers, the torpedo class leaves the ship, and from a boat is taught by actual experiment. On board the vessels now in the Marmora the strictest torpedo watch is kept at night. Outposts have been established on certain of the islands in the vicinity, the men being well supplied with every apparatus for signaling; steam-launches are cruising about all night, and the Gatling guns are kept loaded, the crews sleeping near at hand, ready for opening fire at a moment's notice. Outrigged spars, with "swifters" of wire rope and nettings, form a part of the torpedo defense, so that every precaution

---

d the skin of the body.
ly webbed and five-toed;
d backward like a pro-
nd between them is the
icularly those of the hind-
g spread out very widely
e great propulsive power.
s in the water are very
land they are very pe-
t are little used, but the
upward bending of the
ard by a series of jerks.

The portrait given on the preceding page is that of a seal at home, discovered by CHARLES AGASSIZ, who gives the following interesting description of seal family life:

"On the 17th we arrived at Jarvis Island, where we passed the afternoon on a beach which was covered with large seals. As we approached they looked curiously at us, and then waddled into the water, remaining, however, in the surf, sometimes coming up on the sand, sometimes rolling over and over in the waves, playing with one another, rubbing their heads together, and indulging in endless gambols and fun. These creatures were quite tame, for we found a little family of them on land which were not in the least disturbed by our presence. A mother had made a kind of nursery for herself and her two little cubs in a green arbor formed by the low-growing branches of a tree a few yards from the beach. Though they looked at us with inquiring wonder, they were perfectly unconcerned at our approach; allowed us to sit down close by them and pat them, and they would even smell of the bread and crackers with which we tried to tempt them to feed from our hands. It was amusing to watch them in their home, the little ones cuddling up to the mother, quarrelling for the nearest, warmest place with that selfish instinct of dependence and affection which startles us in animals as something strangely human. The 'happy family' so often represented in menageries was to be seen here in nature. Small lizards crawled over the mother seal and ate flies from her back, and little birds hopped close over her head and between her and her little ones without the slightest fear."